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THE OUTBREAKS against the Catholic church in Spain are not surprising. If ever there was a priest- and nun-ridden country it is that. Under the old regime there were fully 100,000 or more priests, nuns, and monks, one for every forty families, all of them enjoying special privileges and all immune from civil punishment except for serious offenses. Not only did high church dignitaries occupy important posts in the government, they were prominent in the personally chosen assembly of Primo de Rivera. In addition, that dictator subsidized the religious press, the Jesuit periodical *El Debate* being practically an official organ. Small wonder that the church should seem to the public to have been part and parcel of the monarchy, or that the republic should have moved at once to separate church from state. These facts would seem to be a sufficient explanation of the public hostility which was unquestionably further aroused by the pastoral letter issued last week by the Primate of Spain, the Archbishop of Toledo, in which he called upon all Spanish Catholics to vote for deputies in the coming elections of the National Assembly who would "defend their religion." What could be more stupid or more tactless than such an appeal at such an hour? It therefore does not seem to us necessary to attribute the deplorable mob excesses wholly to Anarchists or Communists as does the Spanish government. Beyond question, however, the new regime is still in a critical stage. We hope that it will profit by the sad example of Kerensky and that it will act promptly, vigorously, and radically.

SECRETARY STIMSON'S radio talk on May 9, telling about the work of the State Department and reviewing some phases of American foreign relations, was, like most such addresses, significant for its silences as well as for its declarations. The country should be glad of the renewed assurance that the American army and navy are not to be used to collect debts abroad, and that American citizens in Nicaragua are not to be denied the protection to which they are entitled under international law. The emphasis upon the efforts to "eradicate the sore spots of Latin American diplomacy," while it comports with the rather obvious bid for Latin American good-will that stands out in the address, nevertheless represents a thoroughly commendable Administration policy. It seems strange, on the other hand, or it would if Mr. Stimson were not a politician, to hear the London Naval Conference, with its aftermath of a complete naval deadlock between Italy and France, touted as something which has given a "great stimulus" to "the prospects for success of the European conference on general disarmament" which is scheduled to meet next February, and at the same time to be left quite in the dark as to whether any preparations for that conference are being made by the United States. It would have been just as well, too, if Mr. Stimson had not pointed with pride to his ill-starred irruption into the Russo-Chinese quarrel as a reason for praising the anti-war pact. None the less we are heartily grateful for a restatement of our historic policy toward Latin America, from which we should never have departed.

THE SUGAR PACT which was signed at Brussels on May 9 is a unique and interesting attempt to deal by voluntary agreement with a world industry which for years has been almost hopelessly disrupted. Under the lead of Thomas L. Chadbourne of New York, representatives of 80 per cent of the sugar-exporting industries in seven countries, with a capital investment of more than $2,000,000,000, have agreed to a plan which contemplates the adjustment of sugar production to world consumption through the gradual liquidation, over a period of five years, of a surplus of 2,500,000 tons of sugar whose menace to the market has kept export prices below the point of profit. As the price of sugar rises, the council which is to administer the agreement will release designated percentages of the surplus. It is hoped that the price may reach 2½ cents a pound within the period covered by the agreement, that being the figure at which the Cuban industry can make a profit. It would be hasty to conclude that other world industries can be subjected to similar stabilization, for the sugar industry has its own peculiarities, the Chadbourne plan has yet to show that it can work, and the reaction of public opinion to rising sugar prices under an agreement that has some of the attributes of a monopoly is an element of importance. Nevertheless, the scheme is highly significant as an example of international industrial cooperation.

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INEFFICIENCY AND WASTE have long been considered cardinal sins in Soviet Russia. Yet American engineers working in Russia have for months been complaining—without result—of the lack of efficiency, the great waste, the fear of responsibility, and the tendency toward sabotage on the part of their Russian colleagues and assistants. They have sought to convince the Soviet officials that the success of the Five-Year Plan depends largely on their ability to eliminate inefficiency and economic waste, which thus far have taken an exceedingly high toll. These complaints have taken definite form in a report prepared by the American firm of Stuart, James, and Cooke. The Russian authorities now appear to have awakened, though rather belatedly, to the sound logic of the American argument, and they are proceeding with their characteristic vigor to correct the situation. Nine officials of the automobile factory at Nijni-Novgorod have been brought to trial on criminal charges of "wilful neglect and suppression" in connection with forty-two projects recommended by American engineers. Doubtless the Soviet authorities hope by means of this trial to instil the fear of prison sentences in the hearts of their workers who either cannot or will not keep up with the furious pace demanded by the Five-Year Plan, but it remains to be seen whether a threat of imprisonment will suffice to make the Russian worker any more efficient than he is today.

FRANCE IS DETERMINED to defeat the Austro-German customs union if it can, or, failing that, to develop a counter-plan which will make the Austro-German scheme relatively unimportant. The chief argument of the French, naturally, is that a customs union is a first step toward a political union, and no amount of denial that a political union is intended receives the slightest credence. European opposition to the customs union, however, has become somewhat attenuated now that Italy declines to worry about it and opinion in the Little Entente is divided, so the supple M. Briand has been turning his attention to evolving something competitive. To the meeting of the League Council and the European federation committee at Geneva "France will go," he told the Chamber of Deputies on May 8, "with a constructive plan for the absorption of the excess harvests" of Central and Eastern Europe, "for financing their agriculture by loans, and for the organization in Europe, which is totally without it, of a system of production and exchange." The reception of this ambitious proposal, which seems to include in its scope most of the economic disorders from which Europe is suffering, will be awaited with interest. Meantime the German and Austrian chancellors hold their ground, and Foreign Minister Curtius quietly remarks that the Briand plan would merely supplement, but not replace, the proposed customs unions. The idea of supplementing a German effort instead of leading off can hardly be very agreeable to M. Briand.

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN and the German writer Heinrich Mann have publicly accused the Jugoslav government of being responsible for the murder on February 18 of Professor Milan Sufflay, the noted Croatian scholar. While walking to his home in Zagreb, Professor Sufflay was struck down from behind with an iron rod. He died within a few hours. The Einstein-Mann letter, which was addressed to the League for the Rights of Man, asserted that the name of the murderer is known, but the government has refused to take action against him. The murderer is a member of a terrorist organization called Young Jugoslavia, the letter said, adding that during his visit to Zagreb in January King Alexander addressed this organization and "told how the Croatian representatives to Parliament had been put out of the way at his request." After the King's speech the government press openly called for the assassination of the political and intellectual leaders of Croatia. Several murders resulted, including that of Sufflay. This sort of terrorism has been visited upon the Croats time and time again since Jugoslavia was created after the World War. It is the price that they have had to pay for refusing to submit peacefully to the illegal domination of the Serbs, who have sought to run the country for their own benefit to the exclusion of the Croats and Slovenes. It is a striking commentary on the interest the United States takes in these European questions that the Croatian murders should have run along virtually unnoticed until this protest by Albert Einstein.

THE PUBLIC INTEREST guided Governor Roosevelt when he selected the personnel of the newly created New York State Power Authority. He could hardly have found five more competent men than Frank P. Walsh, James C. Bonbright, Fred Freestone, Delos Cosgrove, and Morris Llewellyn Cooke to serve on the board which has been charged with the important task of supervising the construction, financing, and operation of the projected State hydroelectric plant on the St. Lawrence River. Mr. Walsh is the noted liberal lawyer; he has devoted much time and thought to public-utility problems. Professor Bonbright, of the School of Business at Columbia University, is an authority on the power question. Mr. Freestone is master of the New York State Grange, and thus represents the farmers of the State. Mr. Cosgrove is a lawyer practicing in Watertown, where he has been active in furthering the interests of his fellow-citizens in their management of the local municipally owned power plant. Mr. Cooke, an efficiency engineer whose home is in Philadelphia, has gained wide renown for his public service in the power field. Not one of these men is a professional office-holder. Governor Roosevelt is to be congratulated for his selection of men who can be counted upon to serve the people rather than the power trust or one of the political machines.

SEVERAL PEACE ORGANIZATIONS and liberal groups in Chicago have decided to stage a counter-demonstration to the army air show scheduled to be held in that city on May 20, similar to the one to be held in New York City on May 22-23. Their plan is not only to voice their protest against the air show, in which 670 military airplanes are to participate, but to use this as an occasion for countering the militaristic propaganda of the War Department with propaganda designed to promote world peace. May 18, anniversary of the founding of the Hague Tribunal, will be observed as International Good-Will Day. Arrangements have been made by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Y. W. C. A., the League for Industrial Democracy, the Chicago Church Federation, the Workmen's Circle, the League of Nations Non-partisan Association, the Chicago Federation of Labor, and the Socialist

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Party for a public mass-meeting to be held on that day on behalf of peace. Peace programs have also been arranged for in the churches and schools, while on May 20 the Cinema Art Guild Theater will present an anti-war program sponsored by the Good-Will Day committee. Thus the residents of Chicago will have an opportunity to learn that there are two sides to the question of war and peace. One wishes that every city over which airplanes will presently roar could be similarly edified.

WITH ONE AWARD of the Pulitzer Prize Committee we are entirely in accord—its choice of the series of articles on Russia contributed to the New York *Evening Post* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* by their Berlin correspondent, H. R. Knickerbocker. As a piece of clear-cut, straightforward, and honest reporting it won the admiration of all journalists who are familiar with Soviet conditions. That those articles were hastily written is true; that the style was journalistic and by no means beyond improvement is also true. But no one can question Mr. Knickerbocker's sincerity or his desire to be entirely objective. He undertook an extraordinarily long and difficult trip, from which he returned physically exhausted, for he spared himself not at all, even clambering down into deep mines where there were no lifts to see for himself. Unfortunately his editors unduly sensationalized much of his work; the headline fiends did their uttermost to convey the impression that his articles were lurid to a degree. Even the title of the American edition of the book in which his articles were given more permanent form was misleading and unfair—"The Red Trade Menace." None the less, these articles gave, we believe, the very best picture we have of Soviet Russia as it was in the fall of 1930, and they mark Mr. Knickerbocker as one of the most promising members of the corps of American correspondents now stationed in Europe.

THREE GERMAN LADS who had the bad judgment to fight and die for the Fatherland—though they fell before the entry of the United States into the World War—may have their names inscribed in the new and costly Harvard memorial chapel, but on a separate tablet to distinguish them from their more fortunate fellows who died for the Allies. This puts God on the right side and at the same time indicates that He is not without pity for an enemy. President Lowell has explained that under the conditions on which the Harvard alumni gave money for the chapel, it would have been impossible to admit the German soldiers on the same terms as those who fought on "our" side. To the suggestion that the question of doing so might have been put to a vote of the alumni, emphatic answer was given by Harvard authorities that merely at the suggestion of making the chapel other than strictly an Allied memorial much of the money already pledged would have been withdrawn. Since the memorial chapel is an indefensible monument to war and neither a necessary nor a desirable adjunct to the university, this would have been an excellent outcome. But as things stand, Harvard insists that it has been as liberal as it possibly could be. Inspired by the Cambridge example, however, Cornell University is refusing to inscribe on its war memorial the name of Hans Wagner, a graduate who died for Germany. One can only recommend that nowhere on either memorial building appear—except it be with proper qualification—the ancient and time-honored inscription: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FIVE Sigmund Freud has lived to find himself, with Albert Einstein, one of the two minds that have most profoundly influenced the thought of our time. It is true that the physicist's work seems much more securely established than the psychoanalyst's, and that many of Freud's theories are still the subject of heated controversy. But to one person who understands the theory of relativity or its implications there are a hundred whose outlook on life has been deeply colored by the theories of Freud. The influence of his work is felt in every social field—in the treatment of insanity, in criminology, in education, in morals, in literature, in the "normal" man's understanding of his own motives. No matter what the ultimate fate of Freud's ideas may prove to be, it will never again be possible, as Dr. William A. White, superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, pointed out in his admirable address at the recent birthday dinner in the Viennese doctor's honor, for the world to think of the human mind as it did before his work appeared. The mind is a vastly more complicated mechanism than our ancestors ever recognized it as being; the hard-and-fast dividing line between the "normal" and the "abnormal" has disappeared, probably never again to be restored. We have learned that pathological processes are different from so-called normal processes only in degree, and that disorder and disease are experiments of nature from which the rest of us can hope to learn about ourselves.

ROBERT W. DE FOREST, who died in New York on May 6, was one of the finest examples of the American of means and position who devotes himself to civic service. A member of the most distinguished group of really old New Yorkers, born to wealth which he steadily increased by honorable service at the bar and as the painstaking and high-minded executor of great estates, he gave his long life to notable public service, with an extraordinary catholicity of interest. Thus at his death he was president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (to which he donated the superb American Wing), of the Charity Organization Society, of the Russell Sage Foundation, of the Associates who publish the *Survey,* and of the National Housing Association, besides being honorary president of the Welfare Council of New York, a vice-president of the Prison Association and of the State Charities Aid Association. For fifty years he was general counsel of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and for twenty-two years one of its vice-presidents. For forty-three years he headed the Charity Organization Society; indeed, it can be truthfully said that under his leadership charity in the metropolis emerged from a state of chaos and went far in its effort to become intelligent, organized, and scientific. Mr. de Forest was, moreover, the sponsor, if not originator, of the Committee on Regional Plan for New York, as he was the city's first commissioner of its Tenement House Department. If anybody was entitled to be called the first citizen of New York it was Robert W. de Forest. Certainly no man in America ever recognized more selflessly and more devotedly the duty of *noblesse oblige* which birth and inheritance and personal character imposed upon him.

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The United States Blocks the Way

THE members of the International Chamber of Commerce had a remarkable experience in Washington during their annual session. Coming to this country in the expectation of attending the meeting of a non-governmental organization, offering a forum for free discussion of all important international business questions, they found themselves blocked at almost every turn by the influence of the United States government. They discovered not only that there was to be no free forum, but that they were expected to be guided in all they did by consideration for the American political situation. Many of the foreign delegates were actually warned to "go easy" on the question of tariffs, on debts and reparations, and on the gold problem. Since these are perhaps the most important economic issues facing the world, the delegates can hardly be blamed for feeling that the entire conference was emasculated, or for resenting interference by our government for selfish ends.

Throughout the entire session this conflict was reflected in the news dispatches and the headlines. It was the United States against everybody else and especially against the united front presented by the Germans and English on the question of debts and reparations. Finally, on the last day, a compromise was reached between the foreigners and what the New York *Times* correspondent described as "the opposition of the Hoover Administration against action on so-called political topics by a convention of business men," and a couple of mild resolutions "were permitted." Waiving entirely the question of manners involved, the impudence of this Hoover interference with the sessions of the chamber leaves one gasping. As a result, many of the foreign delegates are leaving this country so indignant that the question presents itself whether the conference was not more harmful than helpful. One can be sure that the delegates will return to their own countries convinced that more than ever the government of this country seeks to block the way to the world's economic sanitation.

And that it does. The weak resolutions passed, containing such general phrases as "while the integrity of international obligations must be maintained . . . the observance of this essential principle, however, is not inconsistent with an impartial examination of the effects of these obligations upon international trade, if warranted by changed economic conditions," and "tariffs should not discriminate unfairly between nations," speak for themselves. They contribute not one whit to the solution of any problems and, except as face-saving, are not worth the paper they are written on.

So another opportunity to bring the United States to a realization of the international character of the world crisis, the necessity of dealing with it in an international way, and the need that the United States should lead in this matter has been thrown away. We are continuing to refuse to face obvious facts; we are trying to ignore our partial responsibility for the crisis and are still cherishing the delusion that we can recover and become prosperous while the rest of the world remains in economic chaos and drifts toward violent social changes. The unfounded optimism of Washington was clearly shown by the address of Secretary Mellon, who declared that the present crisis is "not unprecedented." Ten years ago, he said, "the problems left by the war had not been settled." "Banking and currency problems were in a chaotic state; debts and reparations were a source of great uncertainty, paralyzing action in every direction"(!). Now, he asserted, everything is much better and "no one should be discouraged about the ultimate outcome." Then, finally, emerged one bit of startling frankness: "I have no means of knowing when or how we shall emerge from the valley in which we are now traveling."

Exactly. The Administration of Mr. Hoover, who as late as March 7, 1930, assured his fellow-countrymen that "all the evidences indicate that the moral effects of the crash upon unemployment will have been passed during the next sixty days," now admits that it has no remedy to offer and no suggestion as to when relief will come. In this it is justified as long as it persists in its refusal to admit publicly that this crisis is different from any other and calls for international action and cooperation if it is to be ameliorated. That is the fundamental step to be taken by the Administration. If it should take this action and if it then should ask the heads of the leading European governments to meet with the United States to consult as to joint remedial action, the whole aspect of affairs would be changed. The mere announcement of this change of policy would send an electric thrill of hope and courage throughout Europe, even around the globe. But Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon will not. They are politicians facing a Presidential campaign, for one thing; for a second, they have sold themselves, body and breeches, to the protected interests in this country.

Yet we venture to prophesy that, unless through some now undiscernible events there should be a sudden revival of world trade, they will be forced to act by dire necessity. At home they will be compelled to face not only a dole for the unemployed, but a rising tide of protest against the Hoover tariff, of which the formation of the Council for Tariff Reduction in New York is a welcome sign. Abroad, Chancellor Brüning in his latest speech at Kloppenburg has declared that Germany will endeavor to put its own house in order before it seeks further amelioration of its reparations burden. That is the correct, and a most excellent, move. But when one reads the latest figures as to the German railways, it is hard to see how the Chancellor can have much time left for house-cleaning. By cutting expenses and salaries and dropping 30,000 employees the company managed to earn in 1930 $110,000,000 of the $157,000,000 reparation charge on the railways, to say nothing of dividends and interest and service on loans. Only by the Reich's cancelation of a loan of $34,000,000 and by using the greater part of its reserves was the company able to meet its obligations. No one in Germany believes that a request for a moratorium can be put off twelve months longer. When that comes, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon will have it unmistakably brought to their attention that neither reparations nor war debts are settled, that they must yet be grappled with as one of the most disturbing influences in the industrial world. Meanwhile, the United States blocks the way.

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Hoover and Our Army

IN addressing the International Chamber of Commerce in Washington President Hoover diverted for the moment the attention of the assembled foreign business men, bankers, and industrialists from such delicate problems as the tariff and war debts by calling attention to the terrific drain on the world's economic resources caused by the heavy expenditures of the leading Powers for armament. He asserted that "the world expenditure on all arms is now nearly five billions of dollars yearly." "Endeavor as we must," he continued in his amazing English, "in support of every proposal of international economic cooperation that is just to our respective peoples, yet we must recognize that reduction of this gigantic waste of competition in military establishments is in the ultimate of an importance transcendent over all other forms of such economic effort." He closed by urging the "business men of the world to insist that this problem shall be met with sincerity, courage, and constructive action."

Splendid, Mr. Hoover. Every honest advocate of world stability and world peace will agree with you. Let us get at this important task immediately. If you have the sincerity and courage that you mention, and the will to constructive action, then you can tackle this job at once and without getting up from your chair in the White House. You can begin right here at home, for we in the United States are spending more money on armaments than any other nation. This we are doing notwithstanding your statement that "the United States has a less direct interest in land-armament reduction than any of the foreign nations, because our forces have already been demobilized and reduced more than all others." Your statement is misleading in that it gives only half the picture. We have cut down the size of our standing army, it is true, but at the same time we have doubled our national guard, added 110,000 men to our reserve officers' corps, increased the scope and efficiency of military training in the colleges and summer camps, and redoubled our efforts in other directions where it has been possible to build up important trained reserves. Even Mr. Hoover's conference with the army chiefs on May 9-10 dealt only with economies in methods, rather than with radical cuts.

It may be, of course, that the White House has not in its possession any comparative statistics concerning military expenditures in this and other countries. In that event Mr. Hoover doubtless will be interested in the following table (taken from the "Armaments Year Book" published by the League of Nations) showing the sums laid out by the principal Powers for their military and naval services in 1928-29 (except in the case of Russia, where the figures are for 1927-28):

United States	$772,984,000
Great Britain	550,080,000
Russia	422,916,000
France	357,556,000
Italy	221,096,000
Japan	215,876,000

This table puts France, reputedly the most militaristic of nations, fourth in the list, and Italy, land of the saber-rattling Mussolini, fifth. Leading all is our own United States. It has been argued that we spend a smaller proportion of our national income on arms than does any European country except Switzerland and Austria, but after all $772,984,000 is three-quarters of a billion dollars, almost one-fifth of the total of the world's armament expenditures. If Britain's half-billion or France's one-third of a billion is a drain on the world's resources, surely our three-fourths of a billion must also weigh heavily on the world's economic structure. Had we reduced our military outlay a year ago we should not now be facing a Treasury deficit of perhaps $1,200,000,000. Moreover, our expenditures are out of proportion to our need for security. European countries which consider themselves beset on all sides by potential enemies are spending less than we are. If it could be reduced to a dollar-and-cents basis, the security given this country by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans would probably be found to be worth several billions of dollars.

Why, then, this great military expenditure, especially in the light of the fact that we have one of the smallest armies? A few days ago the Japanese Military Commission decided to recommend a reduction of 28,000 men in its standing army, using the money thereby saved in developing and improving military ordnance and equipment. This shows the trend of militarism; it is toward smaller regular armies and more efficient *matériel* to be used in killing men. A large part of our huge military budget goes toward the development of aviation, ordnance, and the chemical-warfare service. This is far more significant than the number of men we have in our army, for these are the weapons with which our military leaders expect to fight the next war for which they are preparing. It is idle to boast about the small size of our army, Mr. Hoover. Your plan to help the world economically by cutting down armaments expenditures should and must begin here at home.

The People's Land

WHEN Philip Snowden entered the House of Commons on April 27 to make his budget speech he was greeted by Labor members singing the well-remembered song of twenty years ago, "God Gave the Land to the People." The scheme of land-value taxation proposed in the budget speech was approved by the Commons on May 6 by a vote of 289 to 230, and will be included in the finance bill for consideration by the House of Lords. Conservative objections to the tax in the Commons took the form of protests against "proposals not for taxation but for political tactics," and it is perfectly true, as was made clear by Philip Snowden in the course of the debate, that the economic and political implications of the measure are more important than its fiscal aspects.

On their face the Snowden proposals are moderate in the extreme. In fact, the Chancellor apparently proposes nothing that we have not had in the United States throughout practically our entire history, and it is only when their implications are considered that the importance of the suggested measures appears. Mr. Snowden proposes a valuation of all land, to be repeated at five-year intervals, and a tax at the rate of a penny in the pound (5/12 of 1 per

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cent) on its capital value. The new tax will not apply at first to agricultural land unless it is used for other than farm purposes, or to small allotments or market gardens, to sites for churches, hospitals, or almshouses, to cemeteries, or to land owned by the national trust and local authorities. Interestingly enough, university lands and playing fields are to be taxable. The tax will be remitted to any individual whose land tax does not exceed ten shillings, so it is figured that practically all the working class will be exempt. While the full details of the measure will not be known until it appears as a part of the annual finance bill, what Mr. Snowden proposes, so far as appears from the press accounts, is a trifling tax on the capital value of non-agricultural land. The extreme moderateness of the proposal is evident.

Why, then, do the Conservatives denounce it as an extreme piece of socialistic class legislation, and why do the single taxers acclaim it as a great step forward in their long battle against private receipt of income from land ownership? To answer these questions it is necessary to consider both the history of land ownership in Great Britain and the announced purpose of the Labor Party in putting forward this new taxation measure. From the days of the Conqueror the rights of the British nobility have rested primarily on land, and the privileges of the landowner have carried with them no corresponding burdens of taxation. With the World War and its staggering loads for all classes of the people, however, the process of breaking up the great estates got under way, and now Mr. Snowden boldly suggests that the present tax measure is really the first instalment of a policy of nationalization. He says:

> By this measure we assert the right of the community to ownership of the land. If private individuals continue to possess a nominal claim to land they must pay a rate to the community for the enjoyment of it. They cannot be permitted to enjoy the privilege to the detriment of the community.
>
> Land differs from all other commodities in various respects. Land was given us by the Creator, not for the private use of the dukes but for equal use by all His children. Restriction in the use of land is a restriction on human liberty.

Americans may well rub their eyes in astonishment at seeing such revolutionary implications ascribed to a land tax to which they have been accustomed all their days. When they consider British history regarding land taxation, when they consider the British method of bringing about fundamental changes, and when they consider the announced purpose of this measure in the light of present British conditions and needs, they will realize that they are witnessing the first steps in a process that will perhaps end only when the ownership of all natural resources has been transferred to the state as representative of all the people. What Russia accomplished by the sudden process of violent and bloody revolution Great Britain may yet bring about by the method of peaceful and orderly change. If so, we shall see another triumph of British common sense and British genius for intelligent political action. In the present position of world affairs, the methods of social change are of scarcely less importance than its ends, and Americans may well contemplate the meaning of the peaceful revolution that Mr. Snowden proposes and the methods by which he would bring it about.

Albert A. Michelson

ALBERT A. MICHELSON, who died on May 9 at the age of seventy-eight after a singularly well-rounded career, had the distinction of having made with his colleague, Edward W. Morley, the most famous and revolutionary scientific experiment in modern times. The intent of the experiment was to determine the nature of the mysterious "ether" through which the earth was supposed to move. Did this ether move with the earth or remain fixed? Clerk Maxwell had suggested this could be determined by measuring the speed of light in two directions—in that in which the earth was traveling on its orbit and at right angles to it. Maxwell had no instrument to make this exceedingly fine measurement, but Michelson, by developing the interferometer, was able to do it. The two beams of light showed exactly the same speed. This crucial experiment was made in 1887. Professor Fitzgerald of Dublin offered in explanation the theory that all bodies shrink in the direction of their motion. Professor Lorentz of Leyden extended this view and introduced the idea that time is "local," and varies in different parts of the universe. From this the step was made to the conception of space and time not as two separate entities but as measurements or aspects of a single space-time continuum, and on this foundation Einstein erected his revolutionary theory of relativity.

Thus without the Michelson-Morley experiment the great theories of Einstein might never have been developed. But Michelson's reputation by no means rested solely on this crucial test. His development of the interferometer made possible accurate measurements of the stars; Michelson himself demonstrated by means of it that the diameter of Betelgeuse was 260,000,000 miles. He possessed what to the non-scientific mind must have seemed an almost morbid passion for accuracy. His incredibly fine experiments had established the speed of light at 186,213 miles a second, with a probable error of only about one mile a second, but just before his death he was trying to eliminate even this.

If the widespread notion that the man of science is a mere prosaic fact gatherer had not already been completely discredited, Michelson's career in itself might serve as a sufficient refutation. Like Einstein, he was constantly fascinated by the aesthetic side of his subject, by those "higher beauties" of nature which appeal to us, "not directly through the senses, but through the reasoning faculty." Far from being unresponsive to sensuous beauty, he was, again like Einstein, himself an accomplished violinist; more, he was proficient as a painter. His capacity for enjoyment and his zest in life were reflected not only in his interest in the arts, but in his other diversions. He was fond of chess, and when he was nearly fifty he started to improve his tennis game.

He was, finally, another example of that essential humility which science seems to breed in its votaries. In his later years he was loaded with honors, but he seemed completely indifferent to them. Perhaps all great scientists come to realize, far more than the rest of us, the extent of our ignorance, and seem to themselves, as in Newton's unforgettable comparison, like boys playing on the seashore and diverting themselves with a few pebbles or shells, while the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before them.

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Europe's Darkest Hour

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

EIGHT months in Europe—ranging from London to Constantinople and studying conditions at first hand. What is the final upshot? What are one's ultimate opinions? What does one make of it all?

Primarily, the gravity of the situation and the dangers which overhang Europe stand out in my mind: the economic and financial chaos on every hand, the bad psychological state of one country after the other. And then the dread specter of militarism and war that looms over all. Everywhere it appears as if the present economic system were tottering to its fall. To one of the foremost German statesmen I summarized my impressions by saying that there was agreement among those with whom I talked in Germany that if Europe continued to be governed as it is there would not be a capitalist government left in ten years. To which the statesman replied that the figure was entirely too high; that it would be nothing like ten years if things went on as they did. He himself is, moreover, terrified by the tension on the Polish-German border; he had just returned from there and was astounded by the state of nerves and the absorbing fear of his countrymen. What would happen if an officer commanding a Polish or German patrol should lose his head and permit some minor aggression? He did not know; he lived in dread of it.

Fear, hate, hunger, poverty, the deadly lack of work, the loss of hope—one meets them on every hand. They dog one's footsteps in the streets of Istanbul, the byways of London, in every lane of every German town. Turn where you will they are there. You cannot escape them among the bare hills of Sicily, on the plains of Rumania, on the mountain slopes of Bulgaria, wherever farmers produce and cannot sell. "How is Budapest?" you ask of friends when you arrive there. "Dead, dead," is the answer. "And no hope anywhere." Yet everybody knows there are ways out—if only statesmanship could lend itself to the task; if only old hatreds, old nationalist ambitions, old, long-since-outworn rivalries and jealousies did not prevent. Let no man look upon this scene and declare that there is a bright side to war, or that war accomplishes any moral reform, or frees men's minds, or safeguards democracy, or creates a new order of life. The truth is that you cannot wander about Europe and believe that the World War is over; it will not be in its consequences in our lifetime.

Next to the danger of economic collapse the specter of war and the preparations for war remain, I repeat, most vivid with me. Soldiers everywhere. The late General Tasker H. Bliss, when acting as one of our peace commissioners in Paris, said to me: "Don't let anybody fool you about the causes of this war. It came just because there were too many fellows running around Europe with rifles in their hands." There are a million more fellows running around Europe with rifles in their hands than there were when the murder at Sarajevo started the disaster. Why should anyone think that Europe is safer with all this additional preparation for war than it was then? President Hoover is right to insist that disarmament is absolutely necessary for the financial sanitation of Europe. Far more than that, it is absolutely necessary for the moral sanitation of Europe. I have come back more than ever in favor of the canceling of war debts and the stopping of reparations, but I certainly do not wish to see America take a step in this direction without exacting the most definite pledges for radical disarmament on sea and on land.

Everywhere nations are helping to impoverish themselves by keeping fellows, often ragged and dirty, with rifles in their hands. There is Angora, the new capital of Turkey, placed high up in a desolate region purely for military safety by that able dictator and despotic ruler of his country, Kemal Pasha. It is hardly safe to drive in any direction out of Angora because of the military zones you constantly run into. Sometimes you may enter under restrictions; into other zones it is a deadly offense to set foot at all. But Kemal only remembers that under the peace treaty Constantinople can be neither fortified nor defended; that he defeated the Greeks in the war after the World War when they were within twenty miles of Angora. And so he arms, arms, arms. The suffering of his people is very great; Constantinople, the goose that laid the Turkish financial egg, is steadily decreasing in numbers and waning in power, but Kemal arms and arms and drills and drills and thus robs his people of much money they sorely need.

Please let no man think that I am unduly impressed by this. Hubert Griffith, the English journalist, has just published a "travel notebook" of a journey over much the same ground that I have covered. He is not a pacifist, but he surely has the right to talk as a pacifist, for from his seventeenth to his twenty-first year he was a private, a staff officer, and in the flying corps. And this is what this ex-soldier writes:

> What have I seen tragic? . . . The last thing, and the continuous thing that includes all other things, is armies. I have seen armies, I am sick of armies. One cannot get away from them. I saw an army in Poland—at my first cafe in Warsaw I thought I was at a military musical comedy; Hungary has an army, Jugoslavia has an army—and policemen wearing bayonets and revolvers; Turkey has an army—not only armies proportionate to the country's population, but large armies, and armies that swarm up and down the streets with swords and medals and spurs and uniforms. . . . A present peace-time army is the idlest, most mischievous, and most dangerous thing in creation, and to dress it up in a Hollywood dream of gold braid and scarlet or blue cloth is a senseless provocation of mob mentality.
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> How many wars can a man even now only in middle age recall in his lifetime—the World War, the Balkan War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Boer War, the Sudan campaign, Somaliland. . . . Has the river of blood ever for more than a few years together ceased flowing? The only method that has never been tried is the method of there being no armies. . . . My quarrel with half the nations of Eastern Europe has been that one cannot go into a cafe without tumbling over someone or other's sword. One officer at least resigns his commission.

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Thus Mr. Griffith in an impassioned plea for the United States of Europe. He held no brief, when he made his trip, for anybody or anything. He had no orders from his newspaper as to what he should write; he owed no allegiance to any political party or creed, and yet as he took his way over this same track he found his whole soul crying out against the monstrous doctrine that because wars have been they must be again, that the United States of Europe is a chimerical dream. His conscience revolted against these preparations for the next war that struck him in the face at every turn, and spelled not the avoidance of war, but invitations to the final disaster of Europe.

So this is what Europe looks like today, dressed up in its uniforms, in its old uniforms of hate, oppression, and slaughter, those uniforms meant to hide the most grinding poverty, suffering, and despair. Not in Germany, of course, nor in Austria or Hungary, for these are disarmed. Yet so strange is humanity that in those countries the demand grows steadily that they, too, shall be armed, shall dissipate their resources, shall have the right to waste man power, to pile up debts upon debts, to be as stupid and as foolish as all their neighbors. Mr. Griffith is right, there are ways of escape from all this chaos. I have stressed in my letters from Europe during the last eight months the various problems to be grappled with, the tariffs which throttle one country after another, armaments, the psychology of fear and of hate, the heaping up of gold in Paris and in Washington, the folly of reparations and of the war-debt payments. These and others are the breastworks to be taken. They can be conquered only by international action and cooperation. Let no man be in any doubt about that point. The present crisis is the worst in history because it is world-wide. It is the simple truth that no one nation can hope to work out of it except by some fortuitous happening. Why are the nations not working together, through their rulers? Why are the latter not meeting like the executives of a great endangered bank, if only to get to know one another, if only to exchange views, to plan for united action and a united front? One of the best-known diplomats in London declared not long ago that he had never been able to see why the rulers were not meeting for just this purpose. It is an international problem, he said, not a national one, and can be solved only by men with authority sitting in almost continuous session.

The beginning has been made. The British Prime Minister has invited the German Chancellor to come to Chequers to talk. Not until June, unfortunately, and M. Briand will not be there. Perhaps by that time the latter will have fallen, or will be so very securely settled in the presidency of France as to have lost already his influence in the European scene. And this brings us to the chief obstacle to a better world—France. If Europe goes down in the next five years the responsibility and guilt of France will be greater than those of any other country. Rotten with gold, still the victims of a psychology of fear, constantly whipped up by conscienceless politicians, the French seem bent upon throwing themselves in front of every movement that makes for the peace of Europe, excepting always Briand's adoption of the plan for a United States of Europe. But even here M. Briand has his limitations and his country its blind eye. They are outraged at the proposal for a German and Austrian Zollverein, although that is the most statesman-like move since the peace of Locarno, and Germany's renunciation of any possible reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine and a long step toward a united Europe. I do not deny that there is in France much genuine fear of Germany. It is groundless, and the French state of mind could be cleared up on this question if there were only French leaders honest and unselfish enough to undertake it. Instead, the politicians and dishonest journalists play upon it as the politicians in our South so long played up and whipped up prejudice against the Negroes for their selfish ends. Today, one feels like writing, France is the enemy of mankind. For it arms and arms and arms. It makes no determined effort for immediate economic cooperation; and M. Briand plots for a customs union against Germany and Austria.

All this instead of another step which could be taken at once—a genuine rapprochement between Germany and France. Either side could move in this direction. Because of political ineptitude, or because of a fear of rebuff, or for some other reason, Germany has not made the advances that it could, though there is a strong group in and out of the German press which knows that that is the quickest way and the soundest way to lay the specter of hostility. In France the will to a complete union in friendship is sadly lacking. Yet the very first move on the French side to proceed in the spirit of Locarno would be acclaimed in Germany. Instead, they are lining the German frontier with the most up-to-date defenses. Yet the more they defend and arm and prepare, the greater appears the funk in which they live. Their vast superiority in airplanes, poison gas, tanks, and heavy guns, all of them absolutely denied to the Germans, apparently means nothing to them. They are credited with having 5,000 military airplanes. With these they could destroy every city on the Rhine with all their men, women, and children in forty-eight hours. Against them the Germans have nothing but relatively few commercial airplanes. That by itself would seem to be military superiority enough for the French. But they apparently cannot be reasoned with as long as their politicians and their journalists capitalize their fears. Exceptions there are enough. There are many men and women in France with good-will toward Germany and every other nation. All last winter Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of distinction were accepting invitations to Berlin and other German cities and making welcome addresses upon the subject of German-French fellowship, but officialdom prevents these voices from becoming the voices of the nation.

I thought it highly significant that when Frederic R. Coudert of New York recently returned to Paris after some time in Germany he gave to an American newspaper in Paris an interview which constituted a vigorous criticism of the French attitude in European affairs, quite along the lines that I have written. He declared that Germany was disarmed and pacific, and suffering the greatest distress, and that French policy was all wrong. I cite this because nobody has been a more distinguished friend of France in the United States than this New York lawyer who is himself of pure French descent. The truth is that the French are now as self-satisfied and as smug as were the Germans before the war; their praise of their own culture sounds highly Teutonic. More than that, they feel, even at the moment when they proclaim their fear of Germany, that they are in a highly favorable position since they have most of the gold in Europe and the largest army on the Continent, while

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they are developing their colonies as vast military reserves.

The only hope in France is that the coming elections will produce a violent swing to the left; that the pinch of the industrial crisis, which is becoming acute, may make them realize that after all they are of the economic fellowship of Europe, and that they cannot rise superior to that for anything more than a short period; that if Germany goes down and Austria and Hungary starve, France will inevitably follow suit; that if bolshevism conquers in Germany, their own doors will not be unassailable. Time should bring reason with it. Unfortunately there is little time to wait, to lose. That was what leading German statesmen said when I told them that public opinion in America was changing on debts and reparations, but very slowly. "We cannot wait so long," was what they said. Quite true. Europe cannot wait. It must move. The roads to safety, peace, and happiness I have named are open. Will they be taken?

Upon the answer to this question depends the fate of more than one nation. Meanwhile, if I were a Bolshevist, the last thing I should do would be to propagandize, to seek to convert others, or to stir up unrest and rebellion within any other country. I should just sit still. For the rulers of Europe are deciding, and not the men in the Kremlin in Moscow, whether Europe shall go Bolshevist or not.

I Work for Russia

II. The Five-Year Plan in Action

By WALTER ARNOLD RUKEYSER

I AM attempting in this series of articles to record only my personal observations and experiences together with information given to me by persons whose statements I have reason to feel are authoritative. It follows that everything I record here is specific in nature and I make no attempt to generalize. It is a truism that it is impossible to draw general conclusions regarding Soviet Russia from the study and observations of one person, even though that person may travel throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union. Russia occupies one-sixth of the land surface of the world. To traverse it would be in itself a tremendous task; and as soon as one had finished one's tour of observation, conclusions drawn at the beginning of the trip would no longer be valid.

Soviet Russia is a land of continual flux, of shift of commodities, resources, and man power from "front" to "front." Everywhere one hears war terminology; "shock-brigades" is an everyday expression in the mouths of man and babe alike. The psychology of 160,000,000 people, made up of more than a hundred races, speaking as many, if not more, different languages, is being deliberately influenced and controlled by a handful of men who stand at the helm of this gigantic experiment. It can easily be understood why generalizations are impossible—why a condition which exists on this "front" today may be totally changed tomorrow, perhaps for something better, perhaps for something worse.

I discussed in my first article the functions of the head office of a Soviet state trust. Now let us turn our attention to the organization of the operating units of the trust—the producing end. The unit, in this case Uralasbest, of the state trust Mineralrud, has its own president, who under the new organization will probably be called director, and three vice-presidents, who, similarly, will be called vice-directors. The director and two of the vice-directors are party members. Incidentally, it must be remembered that there are only about 1,100,000 full-fledged adult members of the Communist Party; that to become a member of the party seems to be a very difficult undertaking. To those 1,100,000 men and women falls the gigantic task of administering politically and industrially the entire Soviet Union.

The director or president functions in practically every detail of his work as does the president of an American corporation. Subject to Moscow's approval, his word is final in every phase of administrative activity that falls within the scope of production, development, and new construction. One vice-president, a Communist, is administrative assistant to the president. The second, also in this instance a Communist, is director of building operations; in the case of Uralasbest he is director of a subsidiary known as "Stroiural-asbest" (Construction Department of Uralasbest). The third, not a party member, is an engineer who is called the technical director and would correspond to the works manager or perhaps the general manager in America.

Under the authority of the administrative vice-director is the commercial director. His duties correspond quite closely to those of the treasurer of an American corporation. He is responsible for inventories and for shipments of finished products. He also provides the financial liaison with the head office in Moscow—he must obtain the necessary money for the pay roll every fortnight from the branch of the State Bank at Sverdlovsk. He is concerned, too, with the product after it reaches the market.

Also under the authority of the administrative vice-president is the office manager, usually a party member. As his title implies, this official is responsible for the detailed conduct of the general offices. He directs the stenographic staff, all incoming and outgoing communications, the book-keeping department, all cash expenditures. Under him are the chief secretary, the head bookkeeper, the clerk in charge of dispatch and receipt of communications, and the pay clerk.

The administrative vice-president, who is, of course, primarily an assistant to the president but who takes full charge when the president is absent, has authority also over the department of the chief economist. To me this department was perhaps the most interesting of the trust. The chief economist is responsible for all the control figures of the Five- (now Four-) Year Plan as applied to his particular industry. I cannot overemphasize his importance or the magnitude of his responsibility. Assigned a norm or quota set by Moscow, it is his duty to work out all the day-by-day

* The second of a series of six articles. The third, The Worker at Work, will appear in the issue of May 27.—Editor The Nation.

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details of the plan—the costs of production, capital required, and every other problem involved.

To most Americans the Five-Year Plan means hardly more than those three words; it is a mysterious economic program stating what the production of each and every industry shall be for each year for five years; its consummation may or may not, depending upon the personal bias, destroy all the institutions with which we are conversant. Actually, as I saw it, the plan is best described as an intensively developed budget system. Budgets are drawn up for each industry and activity. But these budgets are constantly being revised to conform to the results of day-to-day experience, and it is indeed true that the revisions are usually designed to increase the tempo. For example, at the expiration of the last fiscal year—October 1, 1930—it was decided by Moscow that the fiscal year should be brought into conformity with the calendar year. This made necessary the creation of an extra quarter extending from October 1 to December 31. Coming as it did almost exactly in the middle of the five years covered by the plan, the change in calendar meant a change in all detailed as well as general control figures for the remainder of the five years. I personally saw the plan, as it related to our industry, changed at least five times in fewer than five months. But the net result was to increase by nearly 25 per cent the planned production for the coming year in total tons of output. It is a byword in Russia today that when the control figures are changed it is always a revision upward in production and downward in costs.

To one inexperienced in the application of the Five-Year Plan it may appear that Moscow is concerned only with setting the figures for the production norm for each industry. Production, to be sure, is the *ratio existendi.* But setting the control figure is only the beginning. Here, again, it is necessary to remember the extent of the Soviet experiment. The plan concerns the lives and needs of 160,000,000 people representing a hundred races, nationalities, and languages, whose customs and demands vary as they inhabit arid desert, mountainous semi-tropics, frozen steppes, or the forest tundras of Siberia. The requirements of a wandering nomad tribe as well as those of a city of two million people were predetermined and planned for five years ahead. It is no wonder that mistakes occur in the accomplishment of the plan, that revisions must be made, that in some cases, in some industries, blundering inefficiency creeps in. An attempt to transform, even partially, a backward and essentially agricultural country into a dominantly mechanized and industrialized nation within five years would seem to one who has not actually observed what is going on in Russia today nothing short of madness. Yet it is being done.

The plan is not only being carried out. It is being speeded up. Let us take a case in point. The tempo of steel production is stepped up. Each ton of steel added means so much added mechanical equipment and plant capacity, which in turn requires so many more kilowatt hours of energy to make the wheels go round. Each furnace turning out steel must be supplied with the necessary pig iron, fluxes, and other necessary materials. Each ton of pig requires coke and limestone; these in turn mean a greater demand on quarries and mines. All the materials necessary to produce this extra ton of steel must be transported to the plant and the finished product removed. This requires railway building, which in turn requires the manufacture of rails and rolling stock. Everything requires maintenance. Above all, everything requires man power. And man power must be housed, fed, clothed, schooled, supervised, and paid.

Trucks, tractors, and cars are built. The plan is speeded up. More are required than was at first planned. These require brake-linings. Brake-linings mean asbestos. The production of asbestos must be speeded up. And always in the background lurks the bogy of counter-revolutionary activities, the "enemy from within," and the equal bogy of short-term credits and imports purchased with cash which must be paid for on time by the only device possible—the exporting of more, or at least no less, than is imported.

What is expected of the chief economist can best be exemplified by studying his duties as I observed them at Uralasbest. He starts with the production norm sent him from the head office in Moscow. This has been arrived at after painstaking and infinite calculations by the Central Planning Commission which correlates the entire plan. This production norm is predetermined for each year of the five. The production must then be allocated by months—and it must be borne in mind that in few if any industries can production be maintained at an even rate throughout the year. In asbestos production, where the greater proportion of the rock removed comes from open-cut mines, winter conditions slow down operations. Then, too, the available labor varies, seasonally and otherwise. Finally, during this expansion program, just when and at what point newly projected plants will come into production must be judged to a nicety, as well as when rationalization of old, existing ones will be effected, along with the accomplishment of mechanization of mining methods. So, in his monthly distribution of production, the chief economist must report in his plan the amount of imported and Soviet-made machinery, raw materials, and other supplies required, and the amount of money needed by the trust each month, first for capital expenditures, secondly for pay rolls and other direct operating costs. Man power, also, must be predetermined for each month and this man power allocated to the various phases of the industry from the office force to the "Mops"—a small army of roustabouts, cleaners, and others not involved actually in the production of the asbestos. Finally, he must calculate not only the requirements for the production of asbestos, but also for the maintenance of more than 13,000 employees and their families.

The chief economist, moreover, is responsible for the daily, monthly, quarterly, and annual statements showing the amount of production of each grade of finished asbestos and the itemized costs of producing the various grades. These reports are similar to those required in an American corporation, with this difference: the Soviet economist must report not only what has been done each day, week, and month of the year; he must show, in a second column, the predetermined control figures set up for each item by the plan, and in a third column he must show realization of the plan in plus or minus percentages, daily and cumulative.

The next article of this series will be an attempt to describe the daily life of the worker and his relation to the trust and to his superiors. And since the technical director, whose responsibilities and duties we have not yet discussed, is directly connected with the actual conduct of the operations, which means with the man power, we shall take up his activities along with those of the worker.

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Power for Public Profit

By MAURICE G. POSTLEY

THE report of the St. Lawrence Power Development Commission contains an interesting body of evidence, completely overlooked by most observers, that is highly encouraging to advocates of public distribution of power.

The commission in its study employed three groups of specialists—engineers, lawyers, and cost analysts versed in the intricacies of marketing electric current. The marketing board comprised Dr. John Bauer and Colonel John P. Hogan, who submitted to the commission the results of a minute survey containing as striking a set of facts on municipal ownership and operation of power plants as is to be found in any official report in recent years. In summary, their figures bring out the following facts:

1. Forty-nine municipalities in New York State which are now in the business of selling electric current to small consumers are doing business at rates which compare very favorably with those of private corporations immensely larger in scope.

2. These municipalities, notwithstanding handicaps that will be shown here, are distributing electric current at costs measurably below those of the private companies and in fact below the average costs of the whole State.

3. The lowest rates in any city in the State are those in Jamestown, where the municipality owns and operates its power plant and sells current to its citizens in competition with a private company.

4. The twenty-three municipalities of Ontario, Canada, show definite economies in rates to domestic consumers and in cost of distribution superior to those of any private company in New York State.

The St. Lawrence Power Commission is deeply interested in the cost of distributing electric current for the reason that once the power is generated, the price at which it can be sold to consumers depends upon how much it will cost to bring it to them. The marketing board's report clearly shows that in New York State the municipalities have done a more economical job of distribution than have the private companies. This conclusion is arrived at by a comparison of ascertainable, relevant facts. The record of operating expenses per kilowatt hour involved in distribution was applied by the board as a measure to both types of operation, private and municipal. The figures do not include generation and transmission costs, taxes, interest, return on investment, or depreciation, which are not concerned with the question at issue, namely, the actual operating expense involved in distributing the current. This is what we find Dr. Bauer and Colonel Hogan reporting in the appendix to their formal statement to the commission:

> The municipal plants [in New York State] taken together as a group show [a distribution cost of] 5.21 mills per kilowatt hour, which is only slightly higher than for Mohawk-Hudson—4.53 mills—*but lower than for any other company or system. The municipal plants serve mostly small communities and have relatively few power consumers* [italics mine].

The Niagara-Hudson Power system, which includes the Mohawk-Hudson, the Buffalo, Niagara, and Eastern, and St. Lawrence Securities, sells a relatively large amount of power to industry. Such sales are highly important factors in striking averages, for bulk sale is possible at prices that are not to be compared with those affecting small consumers. Recognizing this fact, Dr. Bauer and Colonel Hogan select the Mohawk-Hudson as a "more nearly typical condition for the State." The choice appears charitable; for the average of the whole State, private and municipal plants included, but with Niagara-Hudson excluded, is 11.52 mills, against 4.53 for the Mohawk-Hudson. Even with the Niagara-Hudson system included, the State's average is still 6.35 mills, compared with 5.21 for the municipal plants. The Mohawk-Hudson may therefore be "more nearly typical," but the "nearness" depends upon how near 4.53 may be considered to 11.52 or 6.35.

Any further consideration of the showing of the municipalities in the electric business requires a glance at the sort of communities involved. It is the view of this writer that the municipalities in New York State running their own power plants are, on the whole, of such negligible nature from the standpoint of profit for private enterprise that few companies would have accepted franchises in them as a gift when the municipal plants were first opened. In short, the view is here held that municipal operation is a reality where private enterprise would not undertake it because it would have been deemed unprofitable. According to the Legislative Manual of the State of New York for 1930, the forty-nine communities involved boast a total population of 227,621. The largest is Jamestown, with a population of less than 45,200; the smallest is Dering Harbor, which is credited with thirty-nine residents. There are only three cities in the group. They are Jamestown, Dunkirk, with a population of 18,021, and Salamanca, with 9,570. All the rest are villages.

During 1928, the Bauer-Hogan report shows, these communities spent $2,508,660 on their power-plant operations and collected $3,389,915, showing a profit of $881,255. This money "spent," however, is partly a hypothetical cost, as it includes not only actual operating expenses, but also computed interest and depreciation on capital invested, but no charge for taxes. In many cases the computed figure is much higher than the actual amount expended—for example, where the municipality has created improvements out of its earnings and where there is no bonded indebtedness. In short, the municipalities have been treated as if they were private companies, but of course they are tax free. The average total cost per kilowatt hour, including depreciation and interest on investment, was 3.28 cents and the average revenue was 4.43 cents. To take a specific case or two: the village of Arcade, home town of Senator Knight, the Republican Senate leader, with a population of 1,643, incurred a total cost of $38,094 during 1928, and received $56,013 from its consumers, showing a clear profit of $17,919 for the community coffers. Some audacious souls

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assert that the municipal plant in Arcade is so profitable that the village does not have to impose any appreciable taxes. Jamestown, which has the lowest rate of any city in the State, had a total cost of $347,088 and collected $551,541, returning $204,453 in profit. Records like these, in view of the plainly limited opportunities for savings in the operation of small plants, are definitely significant to anyone who can understand the multiplication table, or who pretends to an interest in the "facts."

To return to the telltale 5.21 mills per kilowatt hour, representing distribution expenses, what do we find when we compare that figure with those of the behemoths of private power? This is a list casually selected from the Bauer-Hogan report. Outside New York City: Consolidated Gas, 21.84 mills; Central Hudson Gas and Electric, 14.10; Long Island Lighting, 13.54. In New York City: Consolidated Gas, 11.48; Queens Borough Gas and Electric (Long Island Lighting), 21.08; Staten Island Edison, 8.83.

The Niagara-Hudson reaches the low figure of 1.77 in this grouping. While this showing is not to be discounted as utterly worthless, for the present consideration it is palpably inapplicable. The Niagara-Hudson makes relatively large sales of industrial power. One can no more compare such a system with one in a small community than one can compare the square-foot output of a coal mine and a diamond mine. The problems of each system differ. Each system must be given special allowances in any study. No pretense is made here that precisely the same rule can be applied to all companies. In general, however, the only system that, because of its fundamental nature, may be omitted for comparative purposes is the Niagara-Hudson. That is the position taken by Dr. Bauer and Colonel Hogan in their report.

Little need be said in behalf of the much-heralded Ontario plants, for it is generally known that they have shown splendid results, despite the supposed handicap of municipal operation. The Bauer-Hogan summary comments as follows:

> The Ontario municipalities show an average expense of 5.8 mills per kilowatt hour for all the municipalities computed on domestic and commercial sales alone, compared with 6.35 mills for New York State, where, however, power as well as domestic and commercial sales were included in the divisor.
>
> Including the estimated power sale for Ontario, the average distribution expense for the twenty-three municipalities comes to 2.9 mills per kilowatt hour. This is much less than for any New York company except the Buffalo, Niagara, and Eastern and St. Lawrence Securities, which deal largely in industrial power.

The two experts then listed over-all costs in Ontario and arrived at a figure of 6 mills per kilowatt hour as compared with 12 mills for New York State municipal plants. This sounds worse than it really is. The Ontario communities studied had populations exceeding 10,000 each. The New York State average population in the forty-nine communities studied was substantially under 5,000. The comparative figure for private companies was unfortunately not available.

An idea of the importance of population can be had from a comparison of the distribution expenses per kilowatt hour in the city of Jamestown with the average in the municipal plants of the State. The figure in Jamestown is 3.1 mills, compared with 5.21 as an average for all municipal plants in the State, and even at that the 3.1 figure, including general expenses, is high. In arriving at the figure of 5.21 Dr. Bauer and Colonel Hogan excluded general expenses. Thus the distribution cost in Jamestown, with general expenses thrown out, would be in the neighborhood of 2.5 mills, compared with 5.21 for all municipal plants. In short, the larger the population, the greater the probability that exists for lower distribution costs.

Just one ironic fact of major importance remains to be recorded: in Jamestown, where the municipal plant has been selling current at 4 cents per kilowatt hour to domestic consumers in the smallest classification, 20 kilowatt hours a month, there is a private corporation doing business. That company is the Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario, a part of the Niagara-Hudson system. It, too, charges 4 cents. Recently the municipal plant reduced its rate to 3.5 cents and the company is now reported ready to reduce its rates accordingly, though it tried, in an unsuccessful court action, to prevent the city from putting into effect even the 4-cent rate.

The record of how the municipal plants have benefited domestic consumers and others, based upon the facts to be found in the commission's reports, cannot be related here in detail. To give one example, the municipalities have succeeded in making a better showing in "promotional rates," that is, in lowering prices proportionately with the increased use of current. The purpose of the promotional rate is to encourage use by providing current at an economical price. The private companies, in the main, have fallen behind in this as in other fields.

Lack of space also prevents a minute presentation of a comparison of consumer rates. No direct ratio of this kind, comparing municipalities and private companies, is available. The best authority on the subject is the St. Lawrence Commission itself. In its report only one direct reference to the benefits of municipal plants is made. That statement reads as follows:

> Your commission is aware that a considerable number of municipal distributing systems are already in existence in New York State and that they are charging rates which compare very favorably with the rates charged by private companies operating under similar conditions.

The commission's report does not include, presumably because it was considered not pertinent to that body's major problems, the clear savings in distribution that the municipal plants have effected, which are described here, but Commissioner Thomas F. Conway, who filed a dissenting report, made this observation: "Their success [the municipal plants] is attested by the benefits they have brought to consumers in greatly lowered rates."

If these facts prove nothing else, they prove that the presence of municipal plants assures a healthy competitive spirit that may have some influence in keeping rates reasonable. Unfortunately, municipalities cannot institute and operate their own plants whenever they wish to do so. The law does not permit them. Those communities now operating plants do so only by specific permission of their charters. It is obvious that a more general permissive method is desirable from the point of view of the consumer.

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Is Advertising Honest?

By T. SWANN HARDING

A GOVERNMENT study was recently made of the material advertised as fine-quality honey sold by 411 retail stores in New York City. The study at once disclosed how easy it is to fool the American people on quality and quantity, provided your advertising and your containers are attractive. When sold in tins honey was found to be from 10 to 15 cents cheaper per pound than when sold in glass jars of the same size. In five-pound tins honey sold at a rate of 23 cents a pound, while in two-ounce glass jars it sold at $1.20 per pound. To show how discriminating the consumer is, it is startling to learn that both two- and five-ounce glass jars of honey regularly retailed at the same price, while fourteen-ounce containers were very popular because the consumer almost invariably mistook them for full pounds in spite of the fact that the net weight appeared plainly marked on each container. In some cases fourteen-ounce glass containers of honey sold for more than sixteen-ounce containers in the same store.

When governmental regulation of advertising truth was recently proposed, protestants exclaimed: "From the standpoint of its application and its effects, such censorship would be costly, troublesome, and unnecessary. From the standpoint of principle, it would run counter to the tide of American ideals." This comes very near to stating a great truth. It does actually seem that a demand for truth in advertising would run counter to the tide of American business ideals. The research department of the National Confectioners' Association itself, in its frenzied eagerness to combat the increasing popularity of the cigarette, actually sponsored in advertising the grotesque statement that eating sugar would make you thin, because "fats burn in the flame of the carbohydrates." This phrase, sometimes used by physiologists to describe picturesquely the interrelationship in the intermediary metabolism of dextrose and fatty acids, is here used to give pseudo-scientific warrant to the idea that a diet high in sugars (such as candy) would effectively inhibit obesity. The reference cited a textbook of Bodansky as authority; the author immediately wrote to medical and scientific journals denouncing this use of his work.

This is in line with the general spirit of much American advertising. There has long been a celebrated ginger ale which featured in its advertising the statement that it had been "aged six months." This was said to make it taste like good old French wine. The prospective consumer was asked if he would eat a green apple and was then implored, for his health's sake, never to drink green ginger ale. All this seems too grotesque to believe, but when printed with a properly signed certificate by a distinguished "scientist," with his degrees attached, this rigmarole had decided sales value or it would not have been used. Then in the summer of 1929 the manufacturers "signed a stipulation agreement with the Federal Trade Commission to discontinue advertising its product as 'aged six months' unless and until such time as this beverage is in truth and in fact aged for the length of time specified. The respondent agreed to discontinue use of the statement 'aged six months,' or any other statement so as to imply that its product was and is aged six months, when such is not the truth." There seems some legalistic excess verbiage here but the point is plain. The ale was not aged six months. It was advertised in the best magazines as aged six months. Its advertising bore the certifying signature of its chemist to this effect. It found sales value in such advertising. Does advertising need regulation?

The same year, "The manufacturer of a tooth paste sold as 'The Iodine Tooth Paste' has agreed to cease and desist from the sale of this tooth paste under unjustifiable claims." Why? The advertisements, again in the best magazines, ran: "The Iodine Tooth Paste." "Its iodine protects you." "Contains just enough pure, active iodine to accomplish the purpose." "The full iodine efficacy is there." "The chemical element—iodine—has been in general use for about one hundred years. Dentists have used iodine in their general practice for over forty years. Its germ-destroying power and stimulating effect upon inflamed tissues have been fully tested and accepted beyond any question. Iodine is one of the finest elements that can be used in a tooth paste to keep the gums and mouth in a healthy condition." "That is why this development in the use of iodine will interest you." This sounds very erudite and convincing. It had sales value. What were the facts? "As a matter of fact the tooth paste in question did not contain any free iodine, but did contain potassium and calcium iodides, which do not possess the antiseptic or germicidal qualities of free iodine."

About the same time the United States Food and Drug Administration delivered a severe blow at the insecticides sold to farmers and advertised as capable of curing the external parasites of poultry and farm stock if given internally in the drinking water! Other spurious preparations were widely advertised as capable of being absorbed by the sap of trees and bushes in order to control insects and fungi on the outside of said trees and bushes. One of these preparations was sold for $64 a gallon and could be prepared at a cost of 18 cents a gallon. Finally, glittering and attractive little cases said to contain deadly chemicals which would kill moths and other insects if they were only hung in the room were found neither to purify the air nor kill insects. Obviously there is money in fraudulent advertising.

Shortly before this the administration announced that the market had been recently cleared of fake "worm expellers" which were glibly advertised to cure live stock of worms, when no drug or mixture of drugs at present known to medical science will act as a vermifuge for all types of animal and poultry worms; many of the drug preparations examined do not act at all. Some of these "honestly" advertised preparations were found to contain 95 per cent water, a little gum, and cod-liver oil.

Americans are unbalanced on the subject of health. They are particularly insane about what is politely called "chronic intestinal stasis." So many clever charlatans and crooks have lied about constipation in so many cleverly worded advertisements of subtle mendacity that laymen will buy almost anything to rid them of an evil which is not,

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physiologically, half so dangerous as they imagine, as many competent medical specialists well know and frequently proclaim to their colleagues. The market was and is quite naturally loaded with bran cereals and "health foods" of all sorts. They are advertised not only in popular magazines but in the best medical journals, where they entice physicians into menacing the intestinal health of patients too sensible to do that on their own account. For roughage, used excessively, is very dangerous.

After completing an investigation, the Food and Drug Administration announced that many of these products, advertised as laxatives, contained only from 25 to 36 per cent bran, which should really be the predominating ingredient if they were to be truly laxative. "If the manufacturers do not desire to make them at least one-half bran, we insist that they refrain from representing them as laxative and that they label the articles so that the purchasers will not think they are getting products high in bran." So reads the official press release. Then there are the products advertised as "100 per cent bran" or "all bran," though the administration's analyses demonstrated that they contained as high as 20 per cent flavoring materials. A more important point may be given in the words of the administration report:

> Practically all the bran products were held forth as remedies for constipation. This disease, or rather symptom of many diseases, may arise from many causes. Bran is not a competent treatment for many forms of constipation, but is contraindicated in some cases. It is our position, therefore, that the unqualified term "constipation" should not be used on the labels of these articles. . . .

The position of the administration is scientifically sound. Human physiology backs it up. But the products may still be, and still are, advertised in the same old way, even though their package labels are rendered honest by legal compulsion on the part of the government.

Yet once more, after a long investigation which had some publicity, the administration came out with a statement on radioactive waters and drugs. It found that but 5 per cent of hundreds of such preparations examined were actually radioactive, and declared that the use of radium-containing substances should at all events be strictly supervised, as it was exceedingly dangerous. Meantime, as the *Journal of the American Medical Association* remarked in an editorial (September 7, 1929), the Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association some years ago admitted to "New and Non-Official Remedies" various preparations containing radium and various devices for causing radium emanation to pass into drinking water. Why had this not been done some years ago? For any scientific reason? Let the editorial explain in its own words: "True, the evidence was not extremely well controlled or profuse in amount, but there seemed to be a demand by physicians for such preparations." In short, while the American Medical Association, which represents organized medicine in America, and which claims to guard so cautiously the scientific character of its advertising, felt there was little scientific reason for the use of such preparations at the time, it yielded to the importunities of individual physicians.

However, light came at last. In September, 1929, the council (the United States Food and Drug Administration having acted in July) at long last decided to reject such solutions and devices, whether for bathing or injection, for even if they did contain radium there was no evidence that they would remedy the diseases they claimed to remedy—arthritis, anemia, boils, and pimples—or that they would rejuvenate! There never was any scientific evidence to show that the products or devices would so act. It actually seems that if organized medicine would do its part to keep its own advertising honest and ethical, the work of the government would not be so difficult. Nothing whatever is said in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* editorial about the work of the Food and Drug Administration. It is apparent that the advertising supervision of the best medical journals leaves much to be desired; hence it is unreasonable to expect laymen not to be duped when physicians themselves are so careless. Finally, there is need for some impartial, objective agency, basing its findings on science, to make health advertising honest—a thing manufacturers in keen, competitive business can never be expected to do.

This is not all, but it is enough. The recital could continue through many pages. Advertising is not and perhaps cannot be honest in a competitive society where, even in medical therapy and pharmacy, the existence of a physician or of a manufacturing house depends absolutely upon ability to get money. In medicine this means a conniving at all sorts of abuses which are ethically objectionable. In industry it means the cutthroat tactics so common in American business, and of those tactics untruthful advertising is a necessary by-product. The objections of part of the drug trade (for the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association has gone on record as indorsing the Food and Drug Administration policy and also governmental control of advertising honesty) are beside the point. Impartial government regulation, based on science, is needed. Let money be made from human credulity or vanity in spheres of luxury and the superfluous where deception is relatively harmless. Health is too fundamentally important to be trifled with. Advertising related to health should be truthful. It is demonstrably false today in hundreds of cases. Certain agencies would prefer to see it restricted to fact. The public so far has not been heard from.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has chosen this week as letter week. The first letter, from Normal, Illinois, is brazen enough to mention another columnist and another paper, but the Drifter will be generous and let the advertisement stand—especially since the paper no longer exists.

> Since I am a subscriber to *The Nation* [writes John A. Kinneman] and also to Consumers' Research I must write you concerning razors. F. P. A. in the *World* used to remind us of his campaign to eliminate dry sweeping. Since I am a lay expert on straight-blade razors, you and I might begin a campaign for the restoration of the manly blade—you providing the publicity and I obliging you with some of the technical nuances of edge, honing, and stropping. While some of my neighbors take great pride in their golf sticks (or maybe it is clubs), in their water lilies, or even in their tomatoes, I have found no small amount of pleasure in conditioning my four straight blades. I am confident that I have one of the few "three-line" Swaty hones outside the ranks of the elder statesmen of

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barberdom. Do you know the Swaty? Ask your barber.

When you cease drifting and I stop teaching, we'll buy a tinker's outfit in partnership. You'll do the umbrellas, I'll do the scissors and razors, if there are any open blades left then.

* * * * *

WORSE ways of spending one's old age might be found than setting up as a tinker. But the Drifter will not promise to undertake the partnership so long as there are still some open roads left in the world. And he might as well make it clear right now that he will have nothing to do with umbrellas. Having scorned them all his life as the refuge of cowards and at the same time a reproach to the reckless, the Drifter will never minister to an umbrella's broken ribs if he can help it, or do anything that might mitigate the reverses that umbrellas so often meet with from disrespectful winds. He might do the roller skates.

* * * * *

LETTER Number Two is also concerned with razors. It comes from Charles James, who lives in Los Angeles, and it reads as follows:

> Much belated, but I hope not too late for publication, I want to add my mite to your correspondent's comments on razors. I agree with all he says except his partial indorsement of the foreign safety blade. While much better than our native product, it still falls far short of an average good razor, necessarily so, for the latter is hollow-ground and individually tempered—two essential processes for a good razor which are impossible in a mass-produced, thin blade—especially the tempering, which even in the hands of experts is far from being uniformly successful. That is the reason why buying razors is largely a matter of luck and why really good ones are so highly prized. I shall never cease to mourn the accidental loss of two Wade and Butcher razors, and I am guarding a Wostenholm and one unnamed blade like the apple of my eye.
>
> I sometimes wonder if the benighted users of these much-advertised instruments of torture—so they appear to me—realize what crude contraptions they are. Perhaps the following test will convince them. Let them try to cut a hair with one. I have never succeeded with anything finer than a horsehair, while with one of my pet blades I can *split* one of my very fine hairs half a dozen times into almost invisible shavings.
>
> The best thing I know about Calvin Coolidge, whom I regard as the smallest of the goodly collection of nonentities who have rattled around in the chair of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, is the fact that he uses an old-fashioned razor which he knows how to keep sharp. It is his only claim to greatness, if we accept, in the inverse sense, Napoleon's dictum that great men shave themselves. By that standard Coolidge is greater than Napoleon, who had his razors kept in shape by his barber, for Calvin sharpens his own.

* * * * *

OTHER letters, many others, press for publication. There are many among them full of excellent wisdom. But the Drifter cannot with any conscience follow up with another letter one which manages to get Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Napoleon, and Coolidge into one paragraph. That is as great a feat as splitting a hair six ways.

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York

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Correspondence

Australia's Wool Scheme

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Hazlitt, in his admirable and remarkably concrete criticism of some of Stuart Chase's proposals for making our economic system somewhat less insane than it now is, mentions Australia's wool scheme as an example of the failure of government planning on a limited scale. This does the Australian experiment somewhat less than justice. Professor Edward Shann's "An Economic History of Australia" touches on this matter. Professor Shann writes:

> After August, 1922, the wool-selling brokers refused to be bound by the association's allocation of quantities of wool, old and new, to be submitted at the Australian auctions. The plan's success, however, in removing the fear of unlimited offerings had by then made possible a sharp recovery in prices, especially for merino wool. . . . The powerful wool-selling brokers were active in hostility to the proposals for the continuation of the plan, for they were not ready lightly to submit their excellently run and lucrative businesses to a central control. . . . The vast majority of pastoralists mistrusted anything that would put their wool nearer to the grasp of governments in whose policies they have seldom had part or trust.

In concluding Professor Shann quotes the closest student of the plan's operation as saying, "The Australian wool industry as a whole lost an opportunity, which is unlikely to recur, of creating a powerful instrument for its own advancement."

It would thus appear that the plan was wrecked by the great conflict that runs through Australian social politics, the conflict between the urge toward state socialism and that toward individual enterprise.

It would be very interesting and perhaps profitable if some radical thinker of Mr. Chase's ability would investigate all these plans and set out the reasons for their "failure."

Elmhurst, N. Y., April 30 C. Hartley Grattan

"All Spots and Jumps"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The first requirements of a philosopher are sound logic and good horse sense. Scholastic requirements come second. There are many men possessing much knowledge but very few who have wisdom. That's the reason why philosophers are scarce. Bertrand Russell in his article What I Believe in *The Nation* of April 29 gives a classic example of modern philosophy.

Beholding the topsy-turviness of our man-made civilization, he reasons as follows: "Academic philosophers, ever since the time of Parmenides, have believed that the world is a unity. . . . I think the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness . . ."

How can any earnest student of nature come to such an absurd conclusion? But granted that the above viewpoint is right, how can Mr. Russell draw the following conclusion on the same page: "Order, unity, and continuity are human inventions just as truly as are catalogues and encyclopedias"? How is it possible for a created or evolved being of nature to be superior to its maker? Is it any wonder that "the universe is all spots and jumps"?

Portsmouth, Ohio, April 30 Frank Wiesner

Contributors to This Issue

Walter Arnold Rukeyser, an authority on the technology of asbestos mining and milling with extensive practical and executive experience in North America, since 1929 has been consulting engineer having direction of operations of the Russian Asbestos Trust in the Ural Mountains.

Maurice G. Postley is a reporter on the New York *Evening Journal.*

T. Swann Harding contributes frequently to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

Albert Guerard, professor of general literature at Leland Stanford University and author of "The Napoleonic Legend," was an officer in the American intelligence and liaison services during the World War.

James Truslow Adams, author of "The Adams Family," has lived in England for the past two years.

William MacDonald is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation.*

Stuart Chase is the author of "The Nemesis of American Business."

John Elliott is on the Berlin staff of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

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Books and Drama

Ambition

By MARK VAN DOREN

Ambition is a white line
Of rock and nervous wrath,
Drawn around the will of one whose knees are burning knives
Upon a path.

Ambition is the knowledge lost
Of how a day pauses,
Letting the sky lift—with seven colors casting off
Their straitened gauzes,

Floating in a loose band
As far as light can go;
Then home again, the seven, while as lazily as air
The streamers blow.

Ambition is a day gained
Against the long night—
Look up at evening, see it there—a phosphorescent, brave
Escaping kite.

In Dispraise of Fine Books

THERE is an immense to-do nowadays about functionalism in architecture, but one never hears anyone discussing functionalism in book-making. It seems high time that such a discussion began, for the ways of the edition de luxe publisher grow more fearful and wonderful daily. Here are two volumes published by Random House, limited editions of 360 copies each, in two colors, measuring 15½ by 11¾ inches, designed by Vojtéch Preissig and printed in Czecho-Slovakia "with the entire resources of the new state printing plant at Prague put at his disposal." One volume is "The Way to Wealth," the preface to "Poor Richard's Almanack," the other Walt Whitman's "Salut au Monde!" It would be hard to think of two authors for whom such sumptuous editions seem less appropriate. What would the thrifty soul of Poor Richard think of all this sybaritic gaudery? The expansive Walt, perhaps, would like the immense format, the enormous type, but what would that lusty sloven make of these pure white covers, with their delicate yellow lines? And aside from the appropriateness of these particular volumes to their particular authors, who buys such books as these, and what do they do with them when they have them? Whose shelves are sixteen inches high? Who likes to read Franklin—or anybody else—in such Hear Ye, Hear Ye type?

These two volumes, of course, are merely extreme examples of publishing tendencies that have been running riot in recent years. They could be cured, it seems to me, by a simple return to the concept of functionalism in book-making. Books exist to be read. A book too exquisite to be read is as preposterous as a house too exquisite to be lived in, a car too fine to drive, a bathing suit too lovely to wet. As soon as an edition de luxe becomes so luxurious that it seems a desecration actually to handle it, to read it, its taste has become doubtful, even, at bottom, vulgar. This essentially vulgar taste, which would be condemned by any genuinely functionalist standard, prevails in most limited-edition work today. The current fine-book-making canons are those branded by Veblen as leisure-class canons. Foremost among these is conspicuous waste. The paper and binding, durable or not, intrinsically beautiful or not, must at least be expensive enough to be out of the common reach. On top of this is conspicuous physical waste—waste of margins, waste in type sizes, excessive weight. It seems to be agreed that whatever else it is or is not, an expensive limited edition *must* be bulky and cumbersome. Finally, there must be implied waste of time: reading, if one is so irreverent as to attempt it, must be made as difficult and annoying as possible by uncut leaves. A typical example of all these standards is the limited autographed edition of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," published by Boni and Liveright several years ago. An exquisite book without question, but with about six times the weight and cubic displacement of the trade edition of the same play, with uncut leaves, and with a white and gold binding that it seemed a sacrilege for human hands to touch. Much the same criticism might be made of the edition of the Boswell papers now being printed by Edwin Rudge: those gorgeous Venetian-red covers must literally be handled with gloves or a handkerchief; they take a thumbprint that would have made the late M. Bertillon squeal with delight; the type and margins are extravagantly large, and the books are built to stand upright only on the bookshelves of a Brobdingnagian.

Am I, perhaps, biased against *all* fine book work? Am I merely parading some thrifty personal prejudices under the delusion that they are principles? Well, I confess to a weakness for compactness, for something light in the hands, something that is not ruined or spoiled by a reasonable amount of reading. For my own use, for example, I prefer the neat little one-volume edition of Rabelais published by Simon and Schuster to the two-volume edition, published by Boni and Liveright, with the Papé illustrations; I would rather, for sheer convenience, read "The Decameron" in the little 95-cent Modern Library edition than in the handsome two-volume edition published at $17.50 by Covici-Friede, though I like the garish Bosschère illustrations, and immensely prefer the new Richard Aldington translation to the John Payne translation adopted by the Modern Library. I can stand, of course, a little luxury: to me the ideal editions of the classics are those published by the Oxford University Press in the Oxford Standard Authors series—the two-volume edition of the Trechmann translation of Montaigne, for example, or the three Nonesuch Press books published here by Random House—the Blake, the Donne, and the selected essays of William Hazlitt (the last two, incidentally, remarkable bargains at $3.50). These volumes are compact, durable, reasonably light, able to stand up physically under repeated readings, and admirably printed. Nor do I even object to the rich new $33.50 edition of Pope's translation of the Iliad, with the English on the left-hand pages and the Greek on the right, also published by Random House.

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It is somewhat bulkier than I personally like for reading, but the whole-morocco binding has a fine masculine eighteenth-century toughness: here is a de luxe volume that does not look as if it had been designed by a perfume manufacturer.

The nouveau riche book collector, who thinks that money can buy even intellectual prestige, has been debauching our standards long enough. Is it unreasonable to maintain that printing and binding should exist for the sake of books, not books for the sake of printing and binding?

HENRY HAZLITT

Pershing's Three Wars

My Experiences in the World War. By General John J. Pershing. Two volumes. Frederick A. Stokes. $10.

GENERAL PERSHING waged three wars at once and won them all. The one to which he devotes least space in this work is the one against the Germans. Evidently he had no quarrel with them. He fought them because it was his business. They were good soldiers, and so was he. More ruthless than Foch or Pétain, he wanted no armistice at all—nothing short of unconditional surrender. But his sternness was free from rancor. Technically, Pershing and Hindenburg were "enemies" for the duration of the war; in fact, they are of the same breed. Professional types are far more real than national types; true soldiers form a freemasonry the world over.

Pershing does not keep the same serene temper in relating his second war, that with Washington. The memory obviously rankles; no Locarno pact has been signed. No hostility to Wilson; nothing but praise for Secretary Newton Baker; no allusions to politicians, journalists, contractors: the sole enemy is the War Department. The War Department wanted to consider him as their instrument; he was the spearhead, but they should direct the thrust. For Pershing, the Commander-in-Chief was the All-Highest, the sole War Lord. Washington existed only in order to supply his requisitions. He bristled when it was suggested that Goethals might take charge of transportation and the services of supply. He would have liked, instead, to reach back across the Atlantic and bring Washington under his own supreme authority. Washington and Chaumont fought bitterly the Battle of the Sam Browne Belt. On the whole, Pershing was right. Politically, the war could and should be directed from Washington. Strategically, it had to be conducted on the spot.

The third and fiercest fight was with the Allies. Pershing's one idea was the creation of an absolutely complete and independent American army. On this rock he stood impregnably. In 1917-18 the war was a race with disaster. Russia was in helpless chaos; Serbia and Rumania were *hors de combat;* Italy had almost collapsed; ominous mutinies had broken out in the French army; German divisions released from the Eastern front were pouring against the exhausted West. But General Pershing's dominant thought was still to build up his separate army. To the Allies such a policy seemed suicidal. For the common cause: the Germans might triumph before Pershing was ready. For America herself: soldiers can be trained in three months, but to match an improvised staff against the tried German machine would be tempting Providence.

Balfour, Lloyd George, Haig, Pétain, Foch, Clemenceau, blandly, insidiously, petulantly, were urging him; he remained adamant. Tasker Bliss understood the plight of the Allies, but he could not move the Commander-in-Chief. He suggested appealing to Washington; Pershing declined. "Even though the President should lean that way," he would not have budged. He was reminded of his responsibility; he realized it and did not flinch. Obstinacy on such an epic scale ceases to be mulishness and becomes heroism. He was freely accused of personal vanity. He had been appointed—on the strength of his French, which, in France, was found unfit—at a time when the A. E. F. seemed a mere gesture. But he wanted to be the real commander of a real army, not a mere messenger of good-will. His egotism, although undeniable, was not his sole motive. Pershing was purely and simply a soldier, and could not think except in strictly national terms. That a soldier, priest of the flag, should serve under any flag but his own struck him as an absurdity—a rabbi officiating at St. Patrick's. *Amalgamation,* the constant desire of the Allies, to him was anathema.

He claims that "national sentiment demanded a national army." Not at that time. National sentiment demanded that the Germans be licked; we did not care by whom or how. National sentiment was not pleased that ten months after war had been declared, when our Allies were in direst need, we should have brought only 25,000 men to the fighting line. National sentiment was enthusiastically with Pershing when, under the stress of impending disaster, he abandoned his position for an instant and offered his troops to Foch: "I have come to tell you that the American people would consider it a great honor for our troops to be engaged in the present battle. Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that we have are yours; use them as you wish. More will come, in numbers equal to requirements."

His second argument is that soldiers cannot do their best except in their own army. But actual fighters seldom look beyond their regiment; the brigade commander is to them a mythical personage. Some of the finest work done by our troops was in amalgamation with the French, particularly under Mangin. Even the army that reduced the St. Mihiel salient was mixed.

Pershing had his way; but, as the Allies won, everybody was satisfied. Clemenceau, Pétain, Joffre, Foch, Haig, nationalists themselves, could not help sympathizing with Pershing's attitude as soon as the emergency was past. So he will remain in history a fine, sturdy, uncompromising, one-flag man. Had the Germans had a little better luck, Pershing's obstinate refusal would have made his name opprobrious.

On the other hand, we fully understand Pershing's reluctance to subordinate himself to Allied commanders at a time when their prestige was at its lowest ebb. No American wanted to be amalgamated with the British; and amalgamation with the French offered special difficulties on account of differences in language and methods. Frequently the Americans would chafe under the good-natured but no less insufferable superciliousness of the French; not a few wheezy quartermaster officers acted as though they had saved Verdun single-handed. Our men were tempted to retort in kind. I was once ordered: "See what those damn Frogs are doing, and tell them not to." There is something of that spirit in Pershing's book, and generations of hundred-per-centers will love the man who told the French where to get off.

Finally, Pershing felt that an autonomous army, even though not needed against the Germans, would come in handy at the peace conference. A cynical thought, but shrewd—Clemenceau's action fully justified Pershing's foresight. Justice was flung to the winds; minor allies, even Belgium, were swept aside, because the Big Five alone had the proper number of guns for Wisdom and Righteousness. Clemenceau! On the last page we find him and Pershing in each other's arms, choking with tears. They belong together; radically different in wit and culture, they had the same rugged, elemental simplicity in their ideal. Joffre, Pétain, Mangin were also men after Pershing's own heart. Not Foch, although Foch dealt far more diplomatically with him than Clemenceau. Foch was too much of "a student and professor of strategy." To think overmuch

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is unmilitary. I am sure you want to know whether Pershing actually said: "Lafayette, we are here!" He did not, any more than Cambronne said: "The Guard dies but never surrenders" (or, more tersely, M——). That inspiring and much parodied phrase was obviously not in character. I have but recently discovered what a "Monadnock" is: Pershing deserves that title.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Can England Come Through?

England's Crisis. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

M. SIEGFRIED is that *rara avis,* a much-traveled Frenchman who is keenly interested in countries other than his own. His study of the United States in his "America Comes of Age," although not to be compared in acuteness of observation and philosophic breadth with the now classic comments of his fellow-countryman, De Tocqueville, a century earlier, deservedly ranks as one of the best contemporary analyses of our civilization. His new book, on England, falls very distinctly below the level of his earlier one on ourselves, and one fears for the quality of his third, which rumor asserts is to be one on Russia. It looks a little as though M. Siegfried felt that he had struck "pay-dirt" and was going to make the most of it. As a trained observer, his reactions to any national scene would be interesting and valuable, but it may be questioned whether any man is capable of publishing very profound studies in quick succession of three such different nations as America, England, and Russia.

In "America Comes of Age" M. Siegfried's touch was usually sure and his treatment competent, but in "England's Crisis" he frequently fumbles rather badly. The critique this time has taken the form throughout of an economic study, buttressed, apparently, at all points with figures and statistical tables. Siegfried is excellent so long as he keeps to the high, dry ground of social observation and analysis. One cannot escape the conclusion that he has mired himself in the bog of statistics, which are notoriously dangerous ground for any but a highly trained economist to enter upon. Figures, like Bible texts, can be cited to prove almost anything, and even Siegfried's logic is far from displaying that impeccability that we consider peculiarly French. His deductions are often far from compelling, his thought is confused, and his conclusions are oddly contradictory. Sir Walter Layton, the editor of the *Economist,* certainly a much abler statistician than Siegfried, was able to draw quite different inferences from the figures in an article in the *Revue de Paris,* which may be considered in part a refutation of Siegfried's reasonings.

Interesting as the book is, it may easily prove misleading for the average reader. If the author has shown himself weak as an economist, he retains, in his social and psychological comment, all the suggestive brilliancy of his earlier work. We Americans, as well as the English, may well ponder, for example, his claim that because of the careless lack of efficiency and sensible thrift in domestic economy, the higher wages in England as contrasted with the Continent are only in part needful to maintain a really "higher standard" of living, and that the rest of the higher wage scale represents merely individual and industrial waste. Many of his other thrusts at English characteristics, which in general he greatly admires, are sound as well as shrewd.

For the thoughtful reader one of the most interesting points of the book is one that the author had no intention of making. That is the clear relief in which one aspect of our new age is made to stand out. Siegfried makes both certain charges against the English and certain admissions concerning them. He considers that they insist upon being too much individualists in their lives; that they are too much amateurs instead of professionals in life; that something deep in their nature forced them, unwisely, to bring their currency back to par and to pay 100 per cent of their debts instead of repudiating four-fifths of them, as France, in the author's opinion, more wisely did with spiritual ease; that the best minds in England still prefer statesmanship to business; that Englishmen insist on too much leisure; and so on down a long list. He insists that the nation is going to the dogs economically, yet admits that the condition of the working classes is better than it was before the war; that the life of the upper classes was never so distinguished for social and intellectual charm as today; and that England and the Empire still have "unlimited powers of adaptation and life." This phrase, the last in the volume, is a curious ending to a statistical jeremiad. The whole book is an odd jumble of keen social analysis, bad economics, the application of the new doctrine that national statistics somehow are more important than the lives of the individual citizens, and the apparently unconscious assumption of the Nietzschean philosophy in economics comparable to that of pre-war Germany in statecraft. The moral aspect of England's paying her debts as contrasted with France's repudiation and the possible effect on their several credits in the long run seem never to occur to M. Siegfried at all, in which he is a true son of the "new era" philosophy of life.

As an economic study of contemporary England the book is dangerously misleading. As a social study of post-war Englishmen, which it is to a much lesser extent, it is often brilliantly suggestive. As another of the innumerable portents of the altered scale of social and moral values in a post-war world, it is worthy of serious attention as coming from the pen of so distinguished a citizen of the nation which claims to lead civilization.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

An Ambassador's View

I. Americans. By Salvador de Madariaga. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

NOW that the Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford and former Director of Disarmament in the League of Nations secretariat has been named Ambassador of Spain at Washington, there will be at least a momentary curiosity to know what he thinks of the United States and what policy, if he is permitted to be anything more than a diplomatic rubber stamp, he is likely to pursue. If what he has said in the magazine articles which make up the present volume is an accurate indication, he may be expected to tell us that we are a tolerably decent people, considering what a complex of bad and not so good the world is at the present time, but that we are making a deplorable mistake not to join the League and help develop a world point of view. For his amused and often cynical attitude toward history and politics Professor de Madariaga has, of course, abundant justification, for neither history nor politics need be taken seriously if one does not choose to look at them that way; while as for a world consciousness and a world state, it must be difficult for a devoted member of the League secretariat to get the taste of League ideology out of his mouth even in the sterilized air of Oxford or in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the American Babylon where most of his articles have been published.

At first sight it seems a little unkind for Professor de Madariaga to use "Americans" as a comprehensive label for all those people, heavily in the majority everywhere, who still exhibit nationalistic traits and provincial prejudices, and to whom a world order is still something vague notwithstanding that

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they have some interest in it. Happily for our feelings, the illustrations of this generalized Americanism are not drawn exclusively from this side of the Atlantic. Peace-loving Britain, for example, keeps a keen eye open for commercial advantage, and boasts of free trade as if that were not, quite as much as protection, an effective means of conducting commercial war. White imperialism appears to Professor de Madariaga to have bedeviled the black races at least as much as it has helped them, and diplomacy and religion make a notoriously ill-matched pair. The rowdyism of parliaments is quite what we should expect since we have always had it, and Fascist rule in Italy gets rid of debate, and hence of thought, by well-known methods of physical persuasion. When, after a great war, the victors settle down to the business of ordering a peace, they are likely to produce such a "jig-saw puzzle" or international "nuisance" as the German-Polish or Franco-German frontiers. On the whole, the political world is a bewildering mess, irrational, fantastic, tragic.

Professor de Madariaga is of course opposed to war, but he cannot be enthusiastic about the Paris anti-war pact so long as there is no international machinery for interpreting and applying it. As for the amiable M. Briand's United States of Europe, that is a chimera, because "no one but God can unite that which God created apart," and a European customs union is not much more practical. The only sure hope of peace, apparently, is in the development of an international-mindedness which in time, through the perfection of the now imperfect League, may work out a world government. Hence the mortal sin of American abstention: "the most republican nation of all is doing more than any other toward maintaining the reign of force in the world." It will be interesting to see whether Professor de Madariaga, from the vantage-point of an ambassador's office, will be able to further a rapprochement with an organization to which successive administrations at Washington have thus far been moved to extend only the assurances of their most distinguished consideration.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Sun-Worship vs. Nudism

Among the Nudists. By Frances and Mason Merrill. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS book is all about the boys and girls—yes, the gaffers and grandams—who strip. Down to the buff they strip, in mixed company, and hurl medicine balls at one another under the pine trees. Our authors blushed, stripped, blushed, hurled medicine balls, and blushed no more. They had become nudists. It all happened in Germany, and later in France. They tell in detail, with formidable statistics, of the inroads of nakedness on the Continent; and they describe in detail—with not too self-conscious photographs—the day-by-day life at a nudists' sanctuary, and just how it feels, from loosening the first shoe lace to the final conquest of all one's puritanical complexes—leaping with wild exhilaration in the sunshine. The movement, indeed, is growing by leaps and bounds. There are already some two million Germans who belong to organizations which either have stripped or are likely to strip at any moment.

To a confirmed sun-worshiper like myself all this is not so novel and exciting as it may be to the gentle reader. Such is the sad penalty of shedding one's clothes; it takes all the tingle out of nakedness. One comes to look upon a human body as one looks at a tree or a horse. Some are worth observing and some are not—and by and large the males stand up better than the females in this entirely casual survey. When one has seen fifty thousand Russians, more or less, devoid of clothes, these cavortings of little groups in *Freilichtparken* seem a bit cloistered. Furthermore, I shrink from the Teutonic organization of the modern nudists. I like to sun-bathe when the mood seizes me, and I enjoy the adventure of finding a proper spot, with due regard for (a) sun elevation, (b) wind, (c) bugs, (d) spectators. But I realize my good fortune in having more time and space than the average workingman. If he and his family are to sun-bathe at all, they must have the facilities organized. I should like to see air parks all over this great Republic, but I doubt if I should spend much time doing calisthenics in them. I do not need company to give me courage, nor do I see why stripping needs to be a social pursuit. The city of St. Petersburg in Florida recently built a beautiful solarium, but after a couple of trials I deserted it for the wild shingle of the Gulf. Perhaps the trouble was that the city fathers segregated the sexes rigorously, which the Merrills say is a most unfortunate arrangement, if not positively perverse.

Of the pleasures and advantages, physical and mental, of shedding one's clothes, our authors give a just, balanced, and well-documented account, including a rich historical background. To the well-known fact that morality varies inversely with the amount of haberdashery they adduce eloquent testimony. Unsegregated nakedness in large doses is undoubtedly the best medicine conceivable for persons suffering from dirty minds, perverse desires, and snooping complexes. When nothing is left to the imagination, the imagination turns to fresher fields, leaving the sufferer free at last. Stripping is also just about the healthiest thing one can do, provided the proper time and technique are selected.

It ought to be anybody's privilege to strip or not as he or she pleases, so long as he does not leave his clothes on every hickory limb. Specifically and particularly, growing children ought to run naked far more than they do. Bathing costumes, on all but the most public beaches, should be optional. But as the Merrills point out, America is less civilized in this respect—I believe there are one or two other respects as well—than Europe. Any movement for health and morality such as this will be greeted with violent, uproarious opposition from every nationally advertised organization, from the Ku Klux Klan to the Daughters of the American Revolution. Its supporters will be ostracized, branded, and stoned. I should like to see the movement come, fight for its life (not too solemnly either), and win. But I cannot wait for it. Do you see that ledge far up on the flank of yonder mountain? It has an enormous flat stone, sheltered from the wind, the despair of ants, and at just the right angle for morning sun . . .

STUART CHASE

Books in Brief

The Letters of John Keats. Edited by Maurice Buxton Forman. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $14.

This should be the standard edition of Keats's letters for years to come; indeed, there is little likelihood that much will henceforth be added to our knowledge of what Keats wrote to his friends, his relatives, and the mistress of his dying heart during the last five years he lived. Few authors have left so perfect a record of themselves over an equivalent period. Not only are there nearly six hundred closely printed pages in this beautiful edition; the letters themselves are scarcely to be matched in literature for fulness, zest, variety, and budding truth. The wisdom of Keats, which promised to be great, was ripening rapidly between his twentieth and his twenty-fifth years, so that we get here, along with sentiment and gossip, a number of highly important judgments about life and poetry—two things which, whatever his idolaters say he did, he kept

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wholesomely apart in his mind. Poetry was his life, but his life was not poetry, and he never grew so silly as to say it was. Mr. Forman, who has the great advantage of being the son of Harry Buxton Forman, has radically improved his father's already excellent edition of 1901. He has added thirteen new letters, two of them, those to Tom and George Keats, containing enthusiastic accounts of a walk taken through the Lake Country in June, 1818; and wherever the originals of previous letters were available he has restored Keats's misspellings, which were many and picturesque. He has also put us in his debt by supplying an exhaustive index and a biographical dictionary of Keats's correspondents. Here then is the most authentic text of two hundred and thirty letters by Keats that research at present can prepare. It is a rich and particularly human exhibit.

The Aristocratic Journey. Being the Outspoken Letters of Mrs. Basil Hall. Edited by Una Pope-Hennessy. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

The letters printed in this volume were written during a fourteen months' sojourn in the United States by the wife of that Basil Hall whose book of travels is well known to all who are interested in early transatlantic comment on our manners and customs. The couple arrived in 1827 armed with introductions to an extraordinary number of notables, and traveled pretty generally all over the United States of that day, from the coast to the Mississippi and from Boston to Savannah. Mrs. Hall was a keen and, on the whole, a friendly observer. A woman accustomed to high society at the Spanish court could hardly be blamed for noting the fact that at one of the best houses in Washington the gentleman on whose arm she leaned as they proceeded to the dancing room spat his tobacco juice ahead of them as they advanced. The fact is that American society a century ago, with exceptions which Mrs. Hall is glad to note, was almost unbelievably crude. Here and there were cultivated families or groups, but the general criticism from foreigners must be taken as indicating a condition and not a conspiracy. If most travelers see only the surface—in our case tobacco juice spattered—that has been the way of travelers, and we may take satisfaction in seeing how far we have gone in improving some things at least in three generations. The book is worth reading, though one may wonder why the publishers felt it needful to charge five dollars for a volume of this size and format.

I Remember. By Opie Read. Richard R. Smith. $2.

The incident of President Cleveland at a meeting of the Chicago Press Club when the Columbian Exposition was on, at which the Egyptian maidens danced with their faces veiled "but all else exposed to the glaring light," is but one of a long list of Opie Read's adventures in love, war, the newspaper business, and with great men. In his autobiography this old-timer who can remember the opening of the Civil War and who now recalls with glee his early literary struggles has written his best novel and described his most fascinating "character." But it is more than an entertaining personal record; it is the history of a period. Read begins by describing his scapegrace grandfather, who was proud of being descended from Benjamin Franklin's brother-in-law, and follows with his own early schooling and farm life, his love for books, his first character description published in a local newspaper when he was about eighteen, his learning the printer's trade (like Benjamin Franklin), his tramps around the country looking for jobs (including his idyl with a gipsy girl), his marriage, and his newspaper career. He describes in turn scores of celebrities, from Mark Twain and Thomas Edison to Floyd Gibbons and Frank Crane, not forgetting Bob Ingersoll and Adelina Patti and Isadora Duncan. The story is rounded out with the incredible coinci-

3 Outstanding New Books

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dence of a ninety-eight-year-old man named Carew telling his recently acquired friend, Opie Read, of a Confederate youngster years before who gave him a stolen chicken in gratitude for some verses of Shakespeare—and that youngster was Opie Read himself.

Das Amerikanische Theater und Kino. Von Joseph Gregor und René Fülöp-Miller. Leipzig: Amalthea Verlag.

When Julius Bab in 1928 published his "Theater der Gegenwart" he remarked that the American theater could no longer be left out of consideration in a review of the modern stage, and now the first German book on the American theater has appeared. While Dr. Gregor does not esteem the American drama very highly—even Eugene O'Neill appears to him rather naive when measured against European dramatists—he does find that first-class work is being done in New York in several other branches of the theatrical art. Our stage lighting he considers the best in the world, and he admits American stage designers—Geddes, Urban, Simonson—to the ranks of the very greatest. In the field of the dance America also ranks very high; it was an American, Isadora Duncan, who gave the first impulse to the modern revival in this field. In our Negro population, our Chinatowns, and our Jewish theaters American dramatists have at hand interesting and exotic inspiration, a substitute for the folk-plays of the European civilizations. Finally Dr. Gregor holds that the many college playshops and other experimental theaters are a hopeful sign, quite the opposite of the usual European idea of American commercialism.

Vale and Other Poems. By Æ. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

In these poems, intended it seems in farewell, we find the Irish mystic treating the subject of death with a renewed concreteness, stripped as it were of a few of the mystic veils. And how would a mind like Æ's, believing, as it always has, in the essential happiness of life, once it is understood in vision, come upon the subject of death? Must not such a mind of necessity find in death the consummation of happiness?

> Death brings us to a so transfigured past
> Within the Everliving, and we can take
> From all that is whatever is our own
> Life has been justified.

Yes, here is this happiness for the poet; and there is in these latest poems no lack of the mystic certainty of peace and rightness, nor on the other hand any lack of the intensity of human emotion carefully felt out. These poems are human documents of the mind which wishes to understand itself even to the very end.

> When this shadow show shall be over, the masks we wore thrown away—
> The monstrous masks that veiled us, satyr, demon, and faun,
> And be lovely, starry, and ancient with you as we were in the dawn.

Poetry and the Criticism of Life. By H. W. Garrod. Harvard University Press. $2.

These are the lectures given last year by the Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard. Mr. Garrod was previously professor of poetry at Oxford, and it would seem that his doctrine had suffered some dilution by crossing the Atlantic. For his earlier books made a good case for the moral interpretation of poetry; but this one is merely didactic, as if it had been composed for children. Not that Mr. Garrod, who is a very competent critic, has failed to say a number of agreeable things about Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Clough, and "The Testament of Beauty"; but the volume as it stands is utterly lacking in fresh ideas.

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Drama

Happy, Happy, Happy Pair

THE lobby of Erlanger's Theater the other night was buzzing at ten o'clock with one of the most blissful multitudes it has been my fortune to see. There could be no doubt that these people were pleased, and pleased so deeply that the last thing to occur to them would have been the necessity of expressing their pleasure. It was already expressed—in countenances that for a moment had lost all care, in an eager, good-natured exchange of cigarettes, in attitudes which spoke of a serene certainty that what was to follow this intermission would be quite as nice as what had preceded it. So far as I could tell there was little conversation about what had just been seen and heard. That too was unnecessary, in the same way that it is unnecessary to talk very long, if at all, about the weather on those evenings when it is obviously and pervasively fine. These people simply beamed.

The neighborhood seemed to know how much happiness was here, for beggars appeared as if by magic on the wide walk outside the doors, and, peering in, entered to do their business. A hunchback with pencils, a swarthy Neapolitan with a bandaged elbow, a blind man with his wife, women with cups for pennies moved among the throng; and not for nothing. Two little Negro boys clogged and clicked in the street till they thought they heard a policeman coming. No policeman came, and they returned to clog and click. Their alarm, I thought, had been unnecessary. Even an officer of the law would have caught the infection that raged within.

The occasion was a revival of "The Mikado" by the Civic Light Opera Company, which during the next month or so will revive in addition "The Gondoliers," "Pinafore," and "Patience." Gilbert and Sullivan, in other words, are here again. It is a familiar enough occasion, yet we should never grow tired of celebrating it—though how to celebrate it in a dramatic article is more than I seem to know. All I know is that this pair is not only happy in itself but the cause of happiness in other men. The music of Sullivan must make anybody feel good in every portion of his person, mind or body. The words of Gilbert, and his antics and his situations, must, by their very perfection of malice if by nothing else, cleanse any soul of malice. There is nothing in the world to fear after one has seen these operas. All has been seen; all has been heard; one mind has contained it all—comfortably, calmly, and with condescension—and has given it forth in rhyme.

The present performances do not promise to be as generally good as those of Winthrop Ames, but judging by "The Mikado" they will be good enough, and in several particulars they will be very good indeed. William Danforth, the best of all Mikados, is in the company; Frank Moulan clowns brightly—sometimes too much so—as the Lord High Executioner; Herbert Watrous and William Gordon make a great, grave pair as Pooh-Bah and Pish-Tush; and Hizi Koyke, a newcomer to the role, adds new charms to the part of Yum Yum. That she is Japanese does not altogether explain her success, or explain it at all, since nothing else about "The Mikado" is Japanese. But her knowledge of how to wear the prescribed clothes may in small part explain her exquisite grace.

Lew Leslie's new Negro review, "Rhapsody in Black" (Sam H. Harris Theater), must be set down as a pathetic failure to rise above the level of Negro reviews thus far. As if that had been low! The high art of this medley was palpably a bore, as art that is higher than it need be always is.

MARK VAN DOREN

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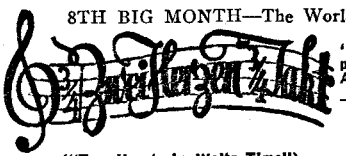
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Germany's Bid for Independence

By JOHN ELLIOTT

Berlin, April 13

WHEN Germany arranged the plan of a customs union with Austria, she proclaimed to the world a declaration of independence. For the first time since the war the Germans had taken the diplomatic offensive. The French were at first dumfounded with astonishment and then they roared with rage. Indignation in Paris rose to the fever-point when shortly afterwards it was announced in London that Chancellor Heinrich Brüning and Foreign Minister Julius Curtius had been invited to Chequers by Ramsay MacDonald. Of course, this visit had been arranged long before anything was known abroad about the Austro-German agreement, but the British invitation was rightly interpreted in the French capital as a public admission by Downing Street that in the future the Germans must be consulted on equal terms with the other Powers when the shaping of Europe's future was considered.

This was most unpalatable to the French. The Quai d'Orsay, of course, did not question the British government's right to invite the Germans, but it felt that London was obligated to explain its action. French and English statesmen have frequently in the course of the last twelve years been closeted in confidential conversations, but except for the periodical meetings at Geneva the leaders of Germany and Britain have never come together.

But if the French were annoyed with their English friends at what they somewhat unreasonably considered an act of bad faith, they were positively infuriated by the action of the Germans in arranging their trade accord with the Austrians without so much as a by-your-leave. Briand, it must be admitted, had cause to be offended. The lavish asseverations by the German officials and their press that the Austro-German treaty was only a first instalment of the Pan-Europa scheme were disingenuous, to say the least. If that were so, Briand as the chief apostle of this plan had surely the right to expect to be informed of what Berlin and Vienna had in mind.

Yet it had never occurred to the French to keep the Germans *au courant* of their negotiations with the Italians for a naval agreement, although Germany is vitally interested in everything concerning the great disarmament conference that is to be held next year. France has not yet become accustomed to the idea of seriously treating its neighbor across the Rhine as its diplomatic equal. The most irritating aspect of the Teutonic trade pact to the French was not that it marked a notable advance toward *Anschluss,* although that was bad enough, but that it revealed a display of independence on the part of the Germans which that defeated people had not shown since the end of the war. To France it came as a disquieting omen. She scented a challenge to her hegemony on the European continent which she has successfully maintained since 1919.

The proposed customs union between Germany and Austria challenges the existing order of things in Europe. Just as the old German Zollverein prepared the way for Bismarck's creation of the German Reich, so it is probable that the tearing down of tariff barriers between the two Teutonic countries will ultimately lead to their political amalgamation. And that is the very thing that the French government has worked and intrigued against since the day Clemenceau observed at the peace conference that there were twenty million Germans too many in the world.

The economic union between Germany and Austria, if consummated, spells Germanic leadership in Central Europe. Such a development will end forever the dream of a Danubian confederation which, under French inspiration, was to form one big economic area of all the Succession States along the Danube. The Austrians frustrated that project by preferring to throw their lot in with their fellow-Germans to the north. That does not mean that a Germanic economic bloc is likely to be realized in the near future. For one thing, nationalism in Prague is still too rampant, and many years will probably pass before Czecho-Slovakia realizes that it is to its interest to form an economic entente with the Germans who bound its territory on three sides.

With his usual quiet firmness Chancellor Brüning has told the world that Germany and Austria are determined to go through to the end with their pact. He is willing to permit the League of Nations to scrutinize the legality of the proposed customs union, but he will not tolerate any examination of its political bearings by outsiders. Dr. Brüning spoke with the finality of an American Secretary of State forbidding Europe to meddle in the affairs of Latin America. The German Chancellor firmly repudiates the "policy of adventure" that the Nationalists urge upon him. But he may be counted upon to defend to the limit what he considers the just rights of his country. And for all his quietness and unassuming air, Germany, under his leadership, will pursue a more energetic and aggressive policy than it did or could under the late Gustav Stresemann.

When that famous statesman was at the helm in the Wilhelmstrasse, he acted on the principle that the Treaty of Versailles was being revised by the force of events. He believed that the less openly said about "revision" by German politicians, the more rapid would be the process of altering the treaty. His policy was based on the conviction that by standing for the maintenance of peace and for European cooperation, Germany could gain the good-will of the nations, and so gradually improve its international status. Stresemann kept ever before him one goal. He aspired to be to Germany what Thiers was to France and to win the honorable title of "Liberator of the Territory." He worked with the object of bringing about the end of the Allied occupation of the Rhineland before his death. Ever an incurable optimist, Stresemann expected more immediate and bigger concessions from the French in return for his "Locarno policy" than he could possibly get. Consequently he suffered many disappointments and laid himself open to the reproach from his Nationalist foes that his Locarno policy was one of "give" but never "take" by Germany.

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The situation has radically changed since Stresemann's day. Germany is no longer content to play a mere passive role in the European drama. The evacuation of the Rhineland is now an accomplished fact. As Foreign Minister Curtius predicted during the celebrations in the Rhineland last summer, German foreign policy therewith began a new chapter. The withdrawal of the Allied troops not only gave the Wilhelmstrasse a freedom of action it had not previously enjoyed; it lifted a load that seemed to be weighing down the German people. A vigorous breath of nationalist feeling swept over the land, finding expression in the phenomenal rise in the fascist poll in the September elections.

Whatever may be the future of Hitlerism, it has left its mark on the course of events. Just as Trotzky and the left-wing movement in Russia, despite their proscription, saw their ideas taken over by the victorious Stalin, so National Socialism, though it may perhaps have passed its heyday, nevertheless has influenced to a very notable degree the development not only of German policy, but of European diplomacy. Heinrich Brüning, not Adolf Hitler, is the beneficiary of the "Nazi" wave. But for the menace of German fascism it is exceedingly unlikely that the League Council would have registered in so sharp a manner its disapproval of the treatment of the German minority in Upper Silesia by the Poles. But for the Hitler movement it is highly improbable that the Austro-German customs union would have seen the light of day at the present time. Holding power, as he does, by a thread, Brüning realized the necessity of obtaining a diplomatic success that would satisfy the demands of his right-wing followers and the cry in the country for a more active foreign policy. For a time the German government toyed with the idea of requesting a revision of the Young Plan. But the cold douche that was thrown from London on the suggestions to that effect made by the German Cabinet spokesman at President von Hindenburg's New Year's reception convinced the government that the time was not yet propitious for a demarche in the "tribute" question, and a diplomatic triumph was sought for in the Austrian agreement.

It is, however, only a matter of time before the Brüning Government will reopen the reparations issue. Equality, in German eyes, implies equality of war burdens among all the former belligerents. The rise in the value of gold has made the obligations of the Young Plan resting upon this country far more onerous than the experts foresaw when they drafted their scheme at Paris in the spring of 1929. From the time that he took office a year ago the Chancellor has been preparing for the reconsideration of the reparations question which every responsible leader in this country has recognized to be inevitable. The reform of the national finances which Brüning has made his principal care was undertaken in knowledge of the fact that it was the precarious state of the German treasury and its resultant dependence on foreign credits that compelled Germany to emerge second best from the duel with the Allies at Paris two years ago. Never again must that mistake be made, the Chancellor has stated over and over again. When the hour comes for the next revision of the reparations problem, Germany, if Brüning has his way, will enter the conference hall with her budget in order and with the ability to negotiate as an equal with the representatives of the creditor nations.

The test of French willingness to meet the Germans halfway will of course be furnished by the general disarmament conference. Germany is determined, if the Allies do not fulfil their pledge given at Paris in 1919 that her enforced disarmament was to be but the prelude to general disarmament, to recover her liberty to determine for herself the size of her fighting forces. The debate in the Reichstag on the Reichswehr estimates was an impressive demonstration that all parties in the country with the exception of the Communists stand behind the demand of General Gröner, the Minister of Defense, that Germany is entitled to as much security as her neighbors.

The invitation of Brüning and Curtius to visit Chequers, one of MacDonald's famous "gestures," is England's recognition of the fact that no disarmament treaty can accomplish its object unless Germany is an equal and voluntary partner to it. Will France also recognize this truth? On the answer to this question depends the future of the Locarno policy and of the Franco-German *Verständigung* which Stresemann and Briand have so honorably striven to establish. An obstinate insistence by the French that Europe must be organized upon the basis of French hegemony instead of upon the footing of friendly and equal cooperation between France and Germany will be followed at no long time by the abandonment of the Stresemann course by Berlin. In that event, Germany will probably be thrown into the arms of Fascist Italy, which is likewise profoundly dissatisfied and crying out for "parity" with France.

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